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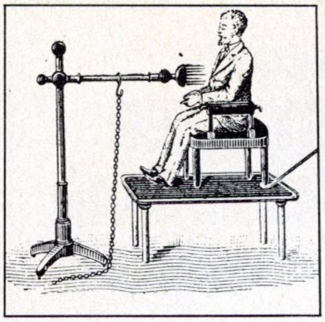

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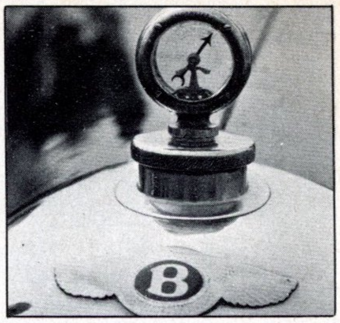

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1972

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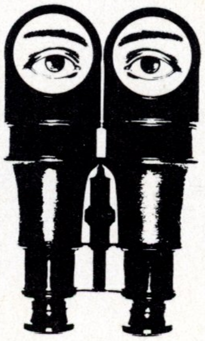

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

It happens all the time. No matter what the odds, Mayfair gets there ahead of the crowd.

W H Smith recently invited us to join them along with the rest of the press, for lunch and drinks aboard London's floating restuarant, the Sloop John D.

Our representative, rumoured to bear a startling resemblance to one Edward Knox, contrived to miss the press boat from Westminster Pier.

Even last ditch attempts by a cab driver to coax his taxi to equal the Brands Hatch lap record left our man frowning gloomily after the press boat.

However, a word in the right ear and a high speed power launch complete with chauffeur and a beautiful young lady in tight fitting pink-lamé hotpants suit was immediately made available.

A certain amount of speed was applied and the launch hurtled past the wallowing press boat to arrive at the Sloop early. 'Thought as much,' said one of the reception party. 'This chap's from Mayfair magazine. Might have known they'd get here faster than anyone else. Brought his own woman too, I see.'

Our representative says he now suffers the misplaced cognomen of 'the fastest thing up the Thames on twin screws.'

You know that phobia about being knocked down by a bus when wearing dirty underwear? Thank heavens they didn't have buses in Thomas à Becket's day.

A recently published book (*Coprohilia* by Terence McLaughlin: Cassell, £2.10) reveals that this most eminent of all the Archbishops of Canterbury had big underwear problems.

A description of how Becket was found on the floor of the cathedral after being murdered might cause one to give thanks for the invention of Y-fronts: 'Outermost there was a large brown mantle; next, a white surplice; underneath this, a fur coat of lamb's wool; then a woollen pelisse; then another woollen pelisse; below this the black cowled robe of the Benedictine order, then a shirt; and finally, next to the body, a tight coarse hair-cloth . . .

'The innumerable vermin which had infested the dead prelate were stimulated to such activity by the cold that his hair cloth, in the words of the chronicler, "boiled over like water in a simmering cauldron".'

Who said cleanliness was next to Godliness?

One of London's more striking weddings in recent months was that of former Mayfair Girl of the Month Leena Scoog (Vol. 6 No. 2) to pop group drummer Alan Whitehead.

Blonde Leena first met Alan when his group, The Marmalade, was on tour in her native Sweden.

The ceremony took place at Friern Barnet, North London, and Leena looked resplendent

The lovely Leena and groom Alan . . .

as usual in white hot pants with satin train. Alan wore a white suit to match.

Status symbols are, like anything else – perhaps more than anything else – subject to the laws of inflation. The more people that possess a particular commodity, the lower its status value becomes.

Consequently, the cost of 'status' is constantly rocketing. Some indication of to what extent is provided by information about two new gimmicks.

A Belgravia car hire firm, grandly named Horseless Carriage Hire, is offering – aside from its vintage Rolls's and other exotic vehicles – a Ferrari-engined Fiat Dino, one of a handful in the country. It does a top speed of 130 mph and comes complete with blonde chauffeuse – as well as air-call telephone and with 'bubbly' from pewter goblets, if required. Cost? £4 an hour. Cheap at the price, you may say. But how about status symbol No. 2? Clue: it's a cigarette lighter and only six of them have so far been made.

The button that sets the lighter in motion is a two carat emerald-cut diamond mounted in a setting of white gold, studded with 16 smaller diamonds. The lighter itself is in eighteen carat gold.

How many, we asked the makers, Colibri, had so far been sold? – 'So far, none, actually,' was the reply.

At £1,575 per lighter, we must confess we're not terribly surprised.

'Ex-baker uses his loaf to keep women happy.' – Headline in a London evening paper.

French bread, we presume?

Science fiction is a taste with adherents many and fervent. Yet, surprisingly, there is in this country no bookshop that caters specially for their voracious needs. Until now.

Three science fiction addicts have got together in London's Bayswater and crammed a shop, upstairs and downstairs, with thousands of volumes of the stuff.

John Eggeling, Ted Ball and Dave Gibbon have pooled their own private collections of sci-fi to start the shop, called Bookends, at 25 Chepstow Mansions, Chepstow Place.

The ground floor of the shop has all the paperbacks you could expect to buy elsewhere – plus a wide selection of special American imports. In the basement is the real hard stuff.

On all four walls, bug-eyed monsters and fiendish gadgets stare out at you from yellowing pages. 'The Wicked Flea' appears to positively pounce from one front cover. An old magazine called *Weird Tales* invites you to 'step beyond the barriers of space and time.' In another corner are stacks of long defunct publications like *The Blue Book* and the old American *Argosy*, offering 'Adventure, Romance and Mystery.'

Eggeling, Ball and Gibbon prefer the phrase 'science fantasy' to describe what they specialise in, so Tarzan gets a prominent look-in as well – and old boys' comics. The most interesting of these we came across were back numbers of a comic published in the 1880s called *The Boys of London and the Boys of New York*. Published simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic, in New York its logo was reversed to read *The Boys of New York and the Boys of London.*

Eggeling runs the shop during the week; on Saturdays Ted Ball, who works for an insurance company, and Dave Gibbon, who works for a soft drinks manufacturer, help out.

and as lucky Mayfair readers saw her

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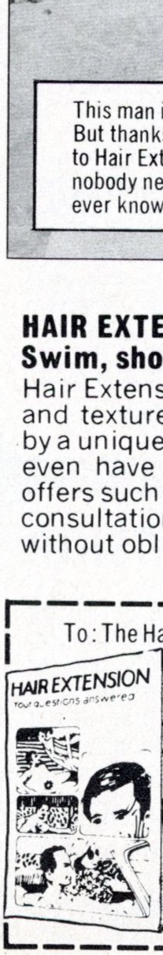

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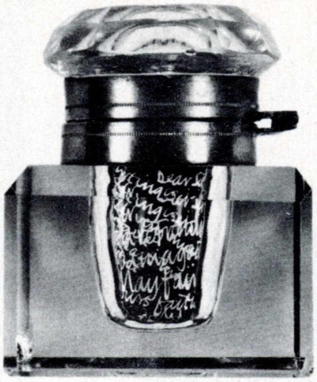
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Without wishing to comment on all your other correspondents who, despite their enlightened and liberal reading matter seem to be shy of publishing their addresses even when describing the most innocent of encounters with the opposite sex, may I say that these days such opportunities seem to be more and more frequently available.

Sitting in a railway compartment recently I was joined by two teenagers who had obviously been shopping in the West End. Dressed in the usual miniskirts and high boots they ignored me and discussed their purchases at length.

Hearing low giggling, I looked up from the newspaper I was trying vainly to read, and saw one of them helping the other try on her new boots.

She was having trouble pulling the tight mock snake-skin boots up to her thighs. The mini was a bit of a handicap but was soon tucked up and transparent briefs revealed as much as there was to see. As I was obviously being ignored I gave up all pretence of reading and was on the point of offering to help the second girl try on *her* new boots when the train arrived at Brighton. I've never enjoyed a journey so much and am still looking for those two girls to take them out to dinner.

P.S. If they see this letter, just ring up.

Douglas Grant, Regent House, Upper North Street, Brighton

Spare me stories of dolly sightings. I was driving through the city when I saw an amazing dolly riding a bicycle. She was wearing an oatmeal coloured suit with an incredibly short skirt. It was odd to see dress so formal on a bike. Every time her knees went up flashes of panties rewarded my eye as she rode towards me. I decided to see if the rear view was as good. As I turned my head I drove straight into this keep left sign. My present address betokens the result. Pantie flashes, grrrhhhhh. Don't print my name, my official story was that a fly flew into my eye.

Reader X wrote from a famous city's general hospital.

Please settle a wager. The United Services Club in Waterloo Place is often called the 'Senior'. I say this is because it was founded before the Junior Services Club, but a friend of mine claims it is a matter of rank.

Who is right?

J.T. Thomas, Derby Road, Nottingham

Catch the wine waiter's eye. Your friend is right. It gained the term Senior because at one time membership was restricted to senior officers of the Army and Navy. Today junior officers are admitted as well. One of the club's favourite stories is of the hall porter, who had been on the club staff for many years. He saw a young man whom he did not know hurrying up the stairs. He queried his membership, and then apologised, gravely explaining his mistake with: 'I beg your pardon, Sir, but we have never seen a member hurrying upstairs before!'

Following your recent correspondence on readers' experiences at weddings, I would like to point out it is only natural that not only the bride and groom but all the other participants should have rather sexy thoughts. None more so, it seems, than the mothers of the happy couple.

At a wedding I once attended, the mother of the bride succeeded quite easily in seducing the best man. She explained to him that she wished to console him, knowing he too, was in love with the bride. I should know. I was the best man.

I'm doubtful whether to believe her story that when her elder daughter was married, the curate was the happy recipient of her favours.

P.B., Hastings, Sussex (full name and address withheld)

Letters to the editor contain all sorts of revelations, but this one we thought rather special. Just a picture with the address of a Paris hotel on the back, a French stamp on the envelope but no postmark. Was it a contributor whose writings had been a little delayed in the post? A silent devotee of the fuller figure, too tongue-tied to write about his predilection? And if so, was it the cruel bonds of the strap shoes that sent shivers up his spine?

We thought the picture worth sharing with you if only to demonstrate that the Fin de Siecle men about town well understood the sex cliche of creamy white thighs.

While Madame Tussauds may overlook John, Paul, George and Crippen (your cartoon page 56, Vol. 6 No. 6), will they overlook Paul, Paul, Paul and Crippen? You have pictured three left-handed bass guitar playing Beatles on the set with Crippen.

How did you discover that Mr C played the drums anyway?

B.L., Newton Abbot, Devon (full name and address withheld on request)

Would you believe jungle telegraph?

On a recent prolonged business trip to Paris where I was acting as consultant to a British firm expanding their overseas markets, I met a superbly physical 21-years-old Parisienne.

I had been provided with a small appartment, rather than a hotel room, and after our fourth date we spent most of our nights there, together.

Shortly before I left Paris I produced my polaroid camera and suggested that I should take some pictures to remind me of her when I returned to England.

She agreed to let me picture her naked but was most reticent about showing her breasts. I could, she said, photograph anything else I wished, and this was with her thighs stretched across the bed.

A friend of mine assures me my experience is no isolated incident and that he has come across the same reluctance of French girls in allowing their breasts to be seen, though quite willing to flaunt their more basic sex organs.

S.J., Oldham, Manchester (full name and address withheld on request)

F.G., of Staines (Vol. 6 No. 7) is right when he records the ego-bolstering effects of being chatted up at a party by a young dolly. Taken further, anticipation of a girl's sexual potential is often more arousing and just as fruitful as the act itself.

Hence the attraction of blind dates, pick-ups in pubs or clubs, and new secretaries at work.

I recently met a young and attractive girl in a local pub and after chatting her up invited her along to a friend's party. Later in a quiet dark corner between dances, to my amazement she put her hand inside my trousers and began to fondle me. I can take a hint and I reciprocated.

Later, undressing for bed at my flat, there just wasn't the same aura of excitement about having her. I was certainly aroused and I wasn't about to kick her out of bed, but the daring illicit sexuality of the fumble in the dark corner was missing.

K.R., Sunderland (full name and address withheld on request)

In expressing appreciation of the excellent Quest articles I feel there is one serious omission. Rarely do you report an interview with anyone over 25, just occasional reports from those around thirty and up to 35. May I suggest that you cultivate prospects in the 40 to 50 age group? I feel sure that these mature women could offer some interesting material for your survey – widows, single women and divorcees.

Do such women, who have grown up in a more repressed sexual atmosphere, tend to think that they are too old 'for

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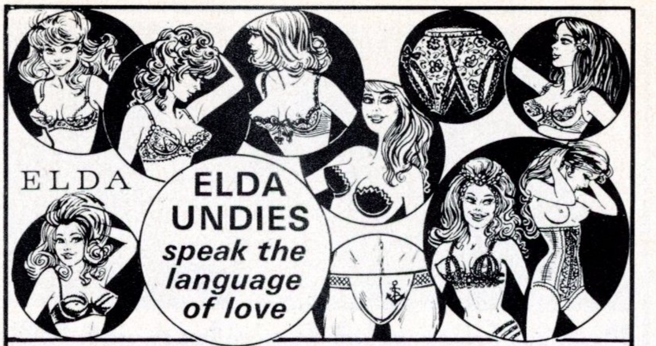
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Growing old begins at 28

States Eminent German Scientist

We begin to get old, to slow down, to lose some of our vitality not as was once thought, at 50 or even 40, but as early as our 28th year. This surprising statement was made at a recent world health conference, as reported in the press, by the eminent German professor of Physio-Chemistry at the Leipzig Faculty of Medicine.

Scientists here too, have been researching the problems of ageing. They have established that adults of all ages need essential nutritional elements to ensure activity, vitality and zest for living. If these elements are missing from your diet (as can so easily be the case) you *feel* older, your blood becomes 'tired' and sluggish and so do you. You lose your appetite for life.

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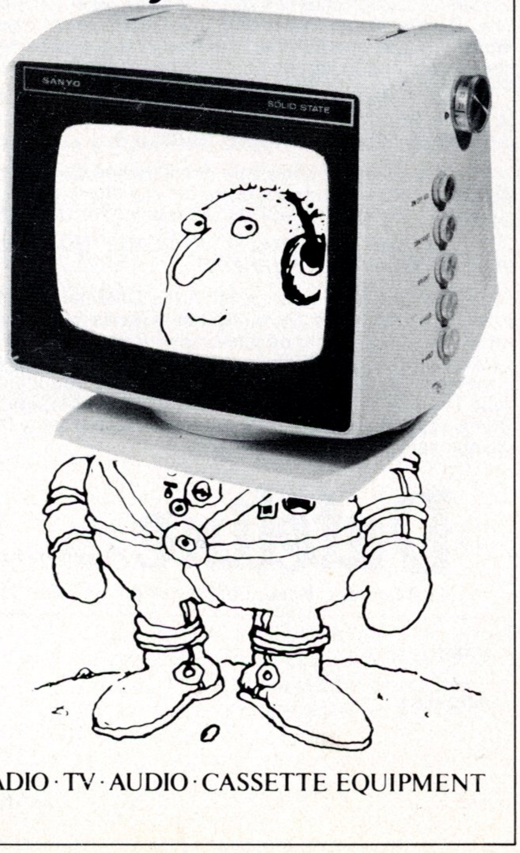

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LETTERS

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that sort of thing' when a man makes advances or do they become unnecessarily embarrassed over passionate reactions which at one time they would have enjoyed? Or, do they welcome such advances as indicative that they are still attractive to men? In the orchard of life I am sure that there is some ripe and promising fruit just waiting for an experienced hand to pluck it.

G.R.J., Bristol (full name and address withheld on request)

One of the most significant factors of Quest interviewing is the general willingness of younger women to talk about sexual experience provided anonymity is guaranteed. Such anonymity is not usually, in our opinion, required out of shyness but rather out of a wish not to embarrass older people (normally parents) who may be disturbed by sexual frankness. Interviews with older women have not generally been as successful as with younger girls and tend to result in stilted replies and circumlocutions. Nevertheless we shall keep trying.

About five miles east of Brighton there is a nudist beach at Telscombe Cliffs. I say 'nudist' deliberately as people go there simply for the pleasure of taking off their clothes and being free; families, singles and couples.

I had been there several times before the day I took my fiancé along. We spent several hours enjoying glorious sunbathing. Another young couple were sitting near to us and the girl was extremely attractive. When they went to leave, the girl slipped on a very mini dress. Standing, it barely covered her bottom but when she bent to collect her things the sight was electrifying.

Clothes certainly do add to sexiness. The fact that she bent down in a mini skirt and revealed she was wearing nothing underneath aroused me more than all the hours she had been lying naked almost within touching distance.

B.F., London SW15 (full name and address withheld on request)

I was very interested to see the tram picture you published on the book page in Vol. 6 No. 5 and the author's view that the re-introduction of tram systems might well be the answer to high transport fares and exhaust fume pollution in many cities. Trams can operate cheaply on their own power supply, they emit no exhaust fumes at all and are more effective in fog, ice, snow and floods than any other vehicles – perhaps some of your readers will remember how fog-bound motorists were able to find their way safely home by following a tram?

In retrospect I find it difficult to understand the vigour and enthusiasm with which transport authorities ripped up tramlines all over the country after the second world war.

I think if anyone had had the foresight to visualise city traffic and pollution problems as they exist today, many more tramways would still be operating.

F. Brogan, Turnham Green, London W4

Edward Knox had the right idea about the value of spending lunchtimes in Hyde Park (Vol. 6 No. 5).

Of all the London sights, not one can hold a candle to the sights to be seen when walking through Hyde Park on a warm summer lunchtime.

Most days the place is literally bursting at the seams with shop, boutique and office girls from Knightsbridge, Oxford Street and Kensington High Street, alone or in groups, soaking up the sun – and they often don't seem to realise what they are showing.

I've seen bared breasts close enough to bend down and touch, pantiless bottoms and thighs, invitingly open on the grass.

You can keep the Tower of London – I'm sure a lot of guide book itineraries have their priorities wrong. Hyde Park should be top of the list.

T.G., Tunbridge Wells, Kent (full name and address withheld on request)

Perhaps we should re-name it 'nothing to hide' park.

Michael Priestley's schoolday reminiscences (Vol. 6 No. 3) remind me not so much of our school dances, but the crush I once had on one of our female teachers.

I was about fifteen at the time and at the beginning of the Easter term we had a new

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LETTERS

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teacher for geography. And was she something?

Remembering back, I hardly think my memory is playing tricks. She was a fine figure of a woman – full bodied with wide lips, superb legs and long dark hair. Previously the fight had been for a desk at the back – now it was for the front.

She would sit on a slightly raised platform before us, large breasts under a polo neck sweater and for the odd lucky ones who could catch a glimpse – the occasional view of her thighs when she moved her legs.

One by one she would bring us up to the front of the class with our essays and we would stand behind her shoulder as she marked them.

Several boys claimed they had managed to brush against her breasts – but if she felt this she gave no sign.

I wonder if others of your readers ever had crushes on their female teachers.

K.J., Tottenham, London (full name and address withheld

The girls interviewed in Quest in Mayfair Vol. 6 Nos. 6 and 7 are truly modern and 'with-it' – indulging in holiday romances and sexual intercourse with complete strangers.

But then so did my own generation.

When I was younger it was not unusual for us young men to holiday in pairs each year, usually on Jersey, one of the Channel Islands.

Girls also spent their holidays in pairs and there were mixed couples from all over the country.

Both boys and girls spent the first day sizing each other up. The idea was for each two boys to pair off with two girls. After an evening of dancing and drinking, one chap took one girl to the boys' hotel room and the other girl took her chap to the girls' room. Around five the next morning everyone went back to their own rooms to grab some sleep before breakfast.

If the girls didn't want full intercourse they were at least expected to indulge in heavy petting – allowing you to undress them and bring them to orgasm while they did the same for you.

Next night you swapped girls with your friend. Sometimes boys might stay with the same girls throughout the holiday but more usually the idea was to change partners every two days.

The girls knew all about this arrangement and were just as eager as the boys. So who can say that one generation is any more 'swinging' than another? We weren't complaining.

Gilbert Mitchell, Malton Road, Easingwold, North Riding of Yorkshire.

All that chat about girls who strip for a dare at parties is all very exciting and sexy. But my luck ran true to form recently when I arrived slightly late at a friend's house warming. I had a brief glimpse as I walked through the back door of a naked young lady clutching her clothes before her as she disappeared up the stairs to the bathroom.

In the main party room, over a drink, I was repeatedly informed by my flushed friends that I had just missed 'the most incre-d-ible strip you ever saw'. And much worse, they went on telling me all night at every break in the conversation.

H.G. Kyle, London SW6

As a student I managed to get a holiday job mowing lawns in a number of London parks and hospital grounds.

And when the sun is out – so are the girls. Secretaries, office-typists, nurses – they all like to get out at lunch time away from their stuffy offices. To my lasting delight the great majority of them seem to want nothing but a suntan – preferably all over. In fact, I've seen one or two wearing that and nothing else.

I had parked my mower and was pottering around the grounds of a well known hospital which shall remain nameless, looking for a spot to eat my sandwiches. Rounding a large clump of bushes away from the main building I came across three nurses lying on towels.

Two of them were wearing tiny bikinis but the third, lying on her stomach, was naked. She raised herself on her elbow, breasts swaying and stared steadfastly unconcerned at me until I retreated blushing back through the bushes.

C.W., Halford Road, Fulham (full name withheld)

A word of warning to the Tooting engineer who wants to start a polyandry scene going; forget it. I've tried it, much to my disillusionment.

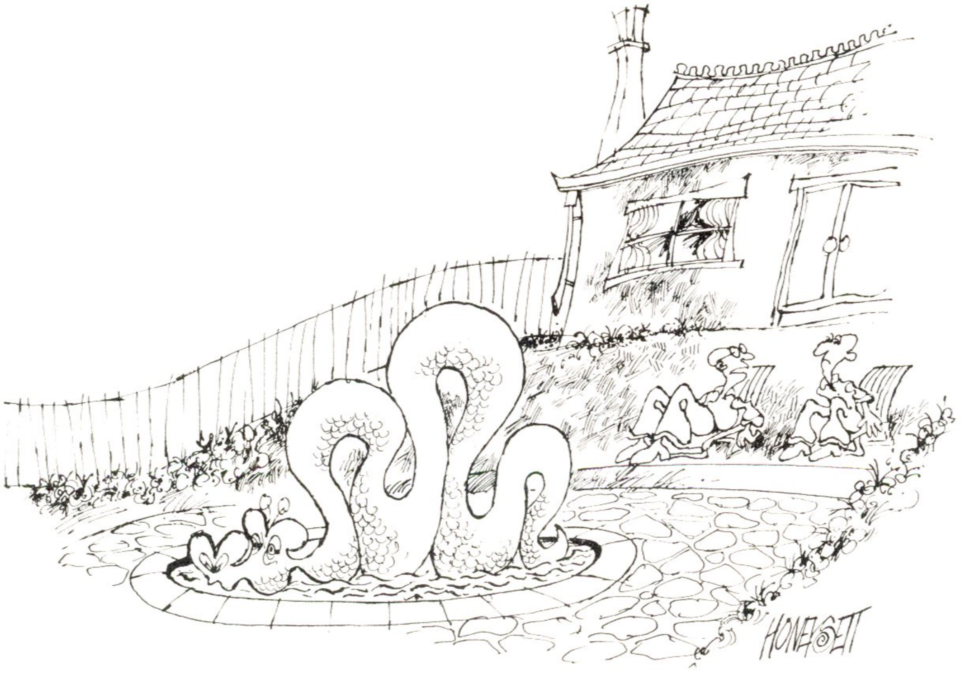
Six months ago I was living in a small country commune with four other guys and two girls. It worked out fine for a month or so. Perhaps I'm unnecessarily inhibited or hung up, but sharing the two girls around between us got a bit too much. Right after I'd made love to one of them she'd be going off to make it with someone else – and that turned me right off after a while. It's a terrible come-down to think that you've not satisfied a woman.

It might seem an exciting thought at the time, but sex without emotional involvement soon becomes a pretty meaningless thing.

Perhaps I was getting jealous. To imagine the girl I thought I loved making out with a couple of other guys at the same time made me think she felt nothing for me.

There's only one relationship between a man and a woman – and that's an exclusive one.

It doesn't help in a joint scene like this, either, when a couple of the guys stop pulling their weight and sit around smoking



'You're lucky, I've only seen it twice in seventeen years myself'

all day, just discussing the girls.
H.C., Manchester (full name and address withheld on request)

How delighted I was to see the lovely nakedness of Victoria Jane Cornish displayed in Vol. 6 No. 5 of Mayfair.
Please, Miss Cornish, and I mean this in the most complimentary way; you have the body reminiscent of the nudes painted by the old masters, with a bit more flesh on you than most of the scrawny females who bedeck the pages of other popular glamour magazines.
The full page full front pose on page 39 really turns me on. Let's have more.
J.S., Nottingham (full name and address withheld on request)

Please let us see more of Rosalind from Buxton (or should it be Buxom).
Without doubt the best looking gal you've had in Mayfair for months. She can pull my pints anytime she feels like it. In panties or without.
Keef Porter, Oval Mansions, Kennington Oval, SE11

In Mayfair Vol. 6 No. 1 I was fascinated by reader E.L.'s account of the excitement he experienced when his wife went out without her panties. I too experienced exactly the same kind of thing some weeks ago when, as the result of a dare on my part, my attractive 23-years-old wife left her panties off when we went to the cinema one evening. All she was wearing, apart from shoes, was a mini-dress. After the cinema we went into our local for a quick drink before going home. I found myself tremendously excited at the thought of her surrounded by a crowd of people (mostly admiring men) with no panties on. As soon as we arrived home I couldn't wait until we went to bed but made love to her in an easy chair in our sitting room.
Since then, knowing the effect it has on me, she has frequently gone out by herself (including the office where she works) without wearing panties and has told me so afterwards. Each time I have found myself so stimulated that lovemaking has been instantaneous.
Recently I have also found myself becoming excited at the thought of her being petted or made love to by other men and

turn to page 82

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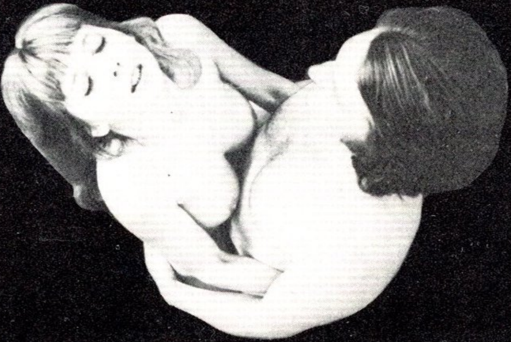

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STUD

LETTERS

continued from page 81

then telling me about it afterwards.

I haven't so far plucked up the courage to tell her about this, although I would like to. I wonder how many other readers secretly feel the same way about this sort of thing.

P.B., London N21 (full name and address withheld on request)

I was most interested to read about the question of tight briefs in Vol. 6 No. 6, because I too have had problems in this direction. Like the girl who wouldn't go bra-less because of the physical discomfort of being a 'swinger', I gave up using the lockknit proprietary briefs of the big manufacturers, as I found that after only a few washings, the material 'gave'. I next tried the bri-nylon briefs which were then very popular, but gave those up too, as I found they were too uncomfortable when hot. Some time ago I was lucky enough to find a small firm in Brighton who made me some ultra-brief briefs in cotton, which being made to measure, cut on the cross, and having a tailored front, were completely satisfactory. They do not gape, are very snug and have just sufficient 'give'.

As to the question of not being able to show 'appreciation' when wearing snug briefs, may I suggest to John Nicholls (Vol. 6 No. 3) and R.M. (Vol. 6 No. 6) that they try wearing them with a pair of really well-fitting trousers. This may involve the extra cost of made-to-measure, but it is money well spent and I certainly would not willingly go back to ready-made slacks.

W. Stone, Worthing, Sussex (address withheld on request)

Where have all the swimsuits gone? I refer to those single piece female swimming costumes, cut low at front and back – often with a separate cod-piece of material over the crotch. From my beach experience this summer I note the bikini has almost entirely taken over.

This saddens me because I find one-piece suits far sexier. They leave far more to the imagination and at the same time remind me of earlier summer love affairs. It all goes back to a holiday in Portrush in Northern Ireland.

While lazing on the beach I noticed a young girl in a maroon one-piece walking towards me. As I lay on the sand, I realised the separate piece of cloth between her thighs was sliding slightly as she walked, showing glimpses of pubic hair.

She saw that I was watching her and stopped above me, asking for a light for her cigarette. As I fumbled for a box of matches she deliberately squatted on her heels, legs parted and I was regaled with further glimpses. She seemed utterly unconcerned about the way she was presenting herself and we started chatting about various subjects.

After ten minutes or so, she said she was feeling hot and suggested we both go for a swim. In the water we splashed around, indulging in a fair amount of horseplay which finally ended in a swimming race out to a moored boat.

Falling behind as we swam, she grabbed hold of my trunks to let me pull her along, but instead pulled them right off. Giggling and laughing with my trunks in her hand she made back for the shore. I quickly caught up with her, grabbing her by the thighs and pulling her under. I was firmly erect by this time and suddenly felt her hands and mouth exploring my hardness. As she surfaced we moved into each other's arms without a word. As we kissed I felt her hand guiding me towards her.

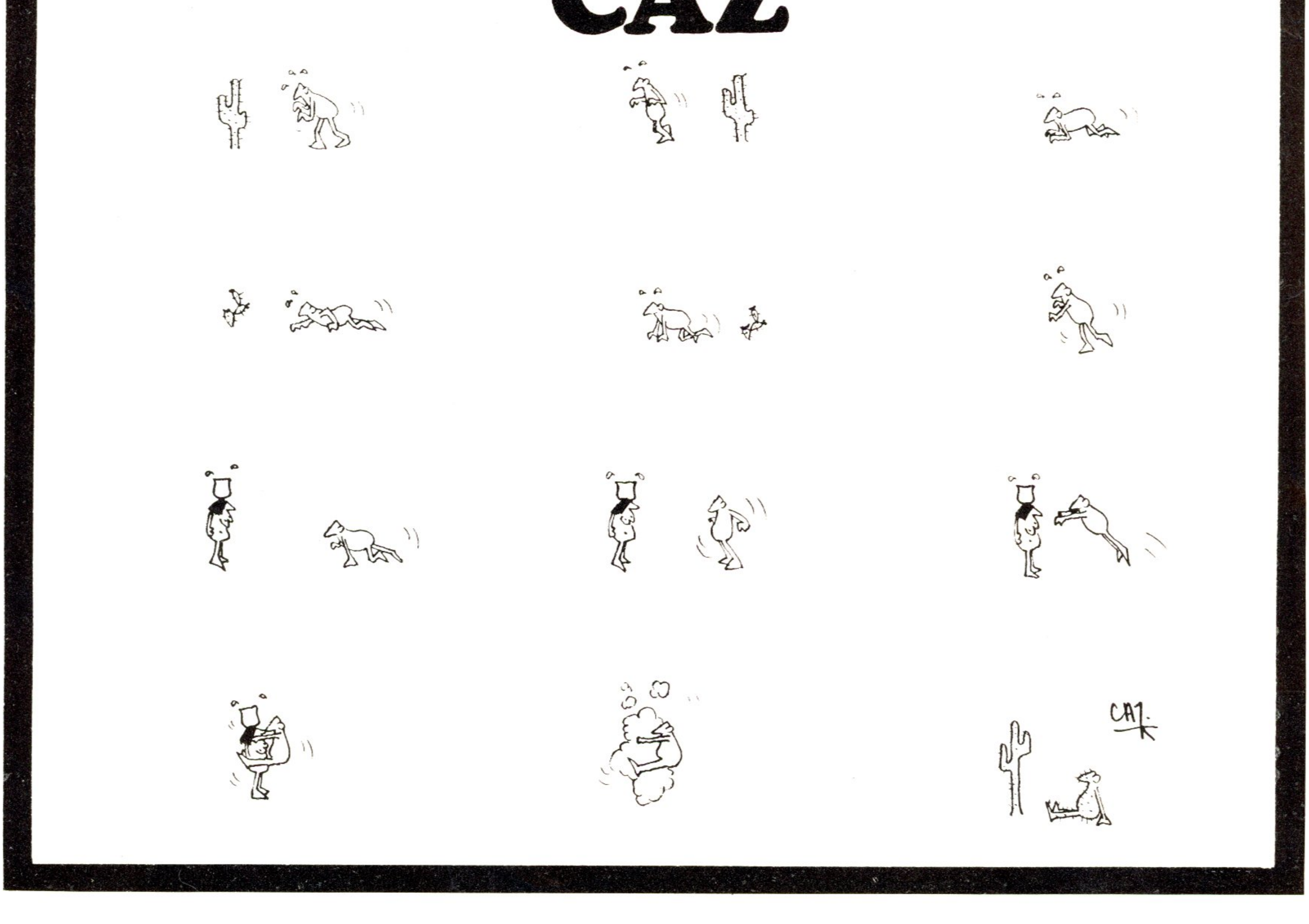
Feeling down there with my hands I realised she was holding the separate crotch-piece of the swimsuit to one side with her other hand.

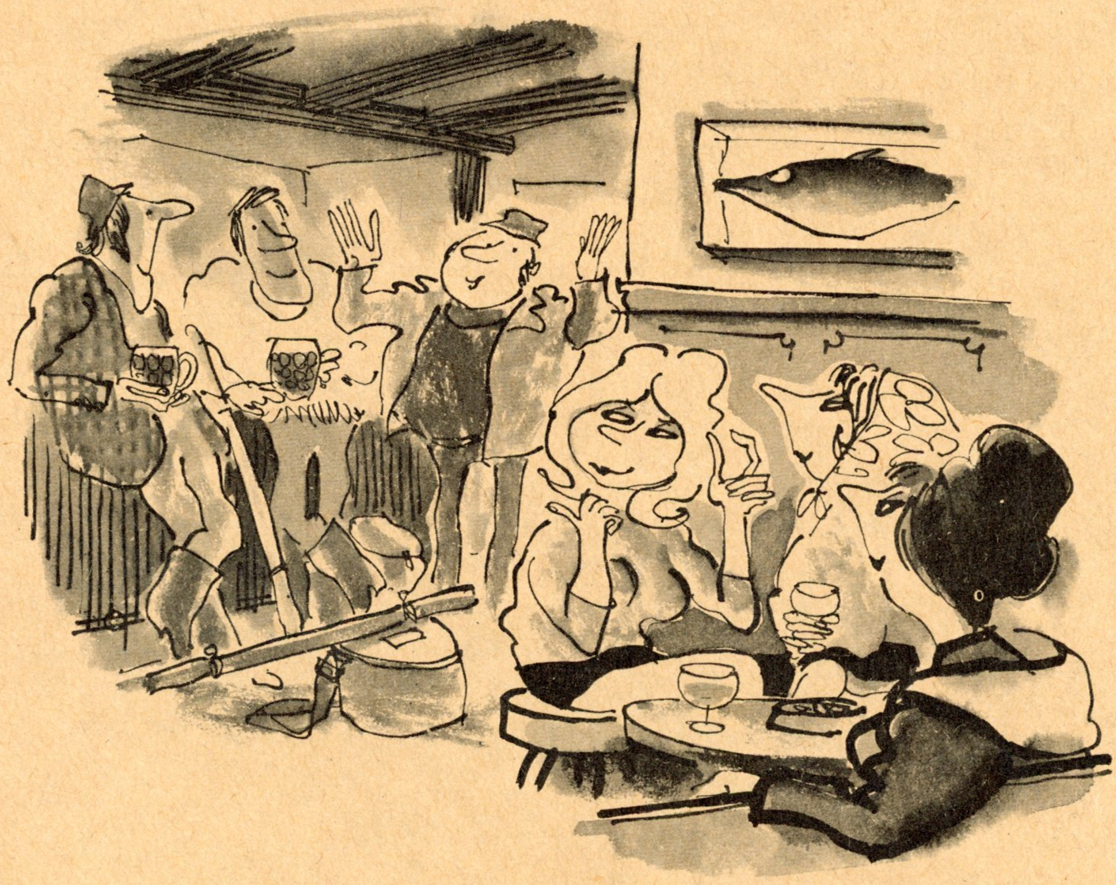
Then finding that the fit was still too tight she ripped away the piece of material completely. To get back up the beach to her flat I had to give her a piggy back, her pubic hair rubbing against my back and the strip of cloth hanging down behind. It was altogether an experience which helped shape my desires.

F.G.J., Childwall, Liverpool (name and address withheld)

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

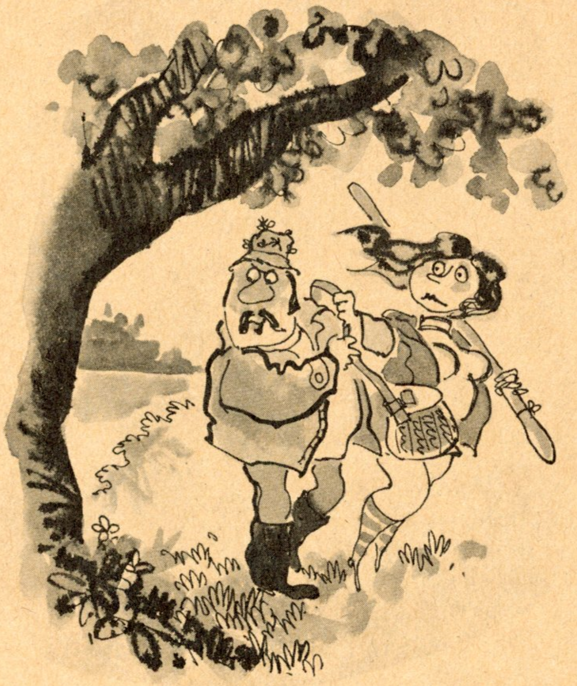
CAZ



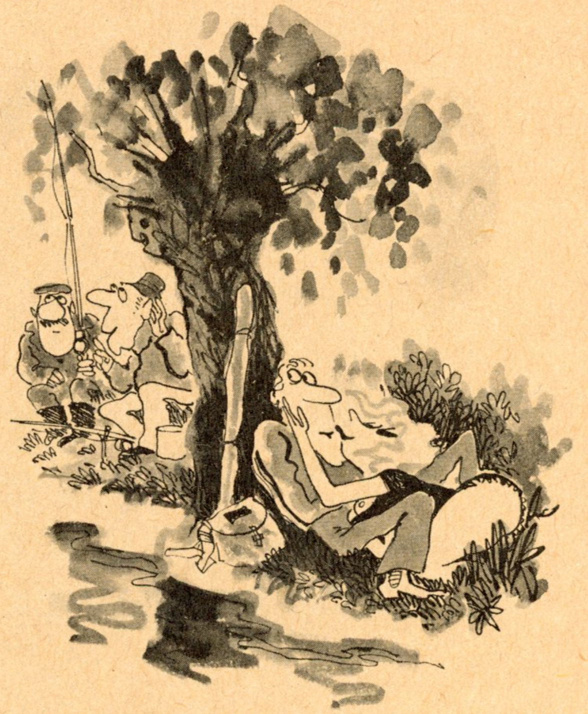


Hook, line and sink her

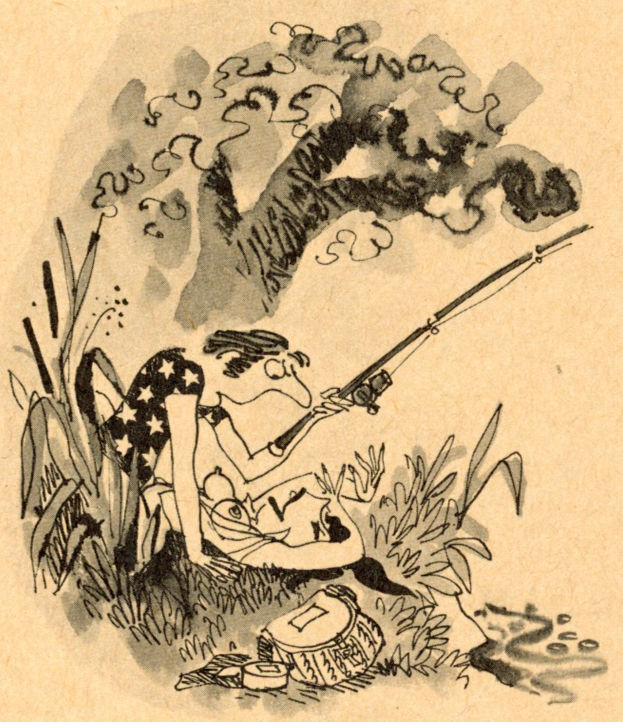
No angler is really quite compleat without a lady
to look after the bait. At least, that's what Roy Raymonde
says, who has been investigating riparian rites



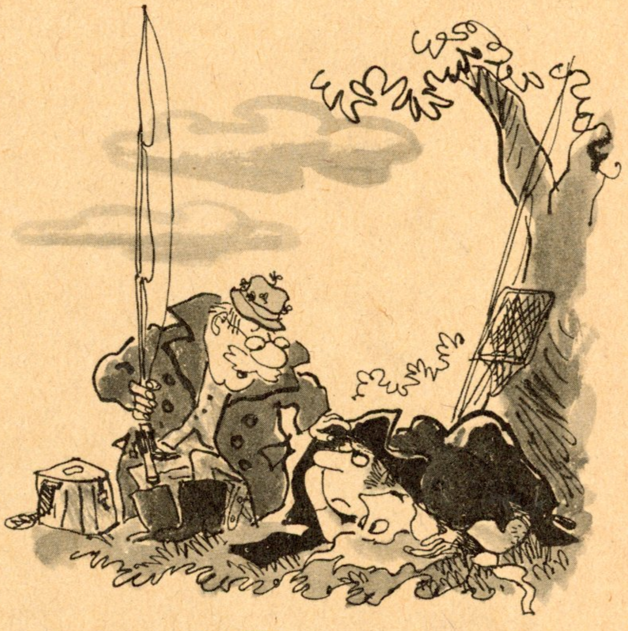
'Come on, Samantha – the quicker we can get these flies undone, the sooner we can get on with it.'



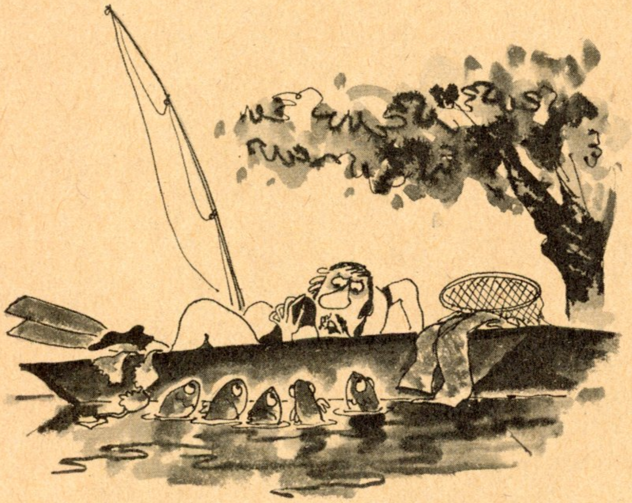
'Listen, Arthur – I think I can hear a big one rising . . .'



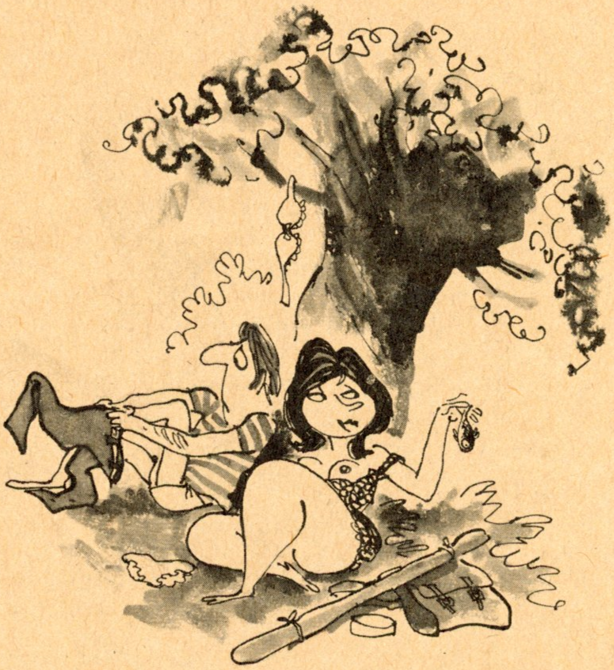
'Curb the abandon, Fenella – you're frightening the fish.'



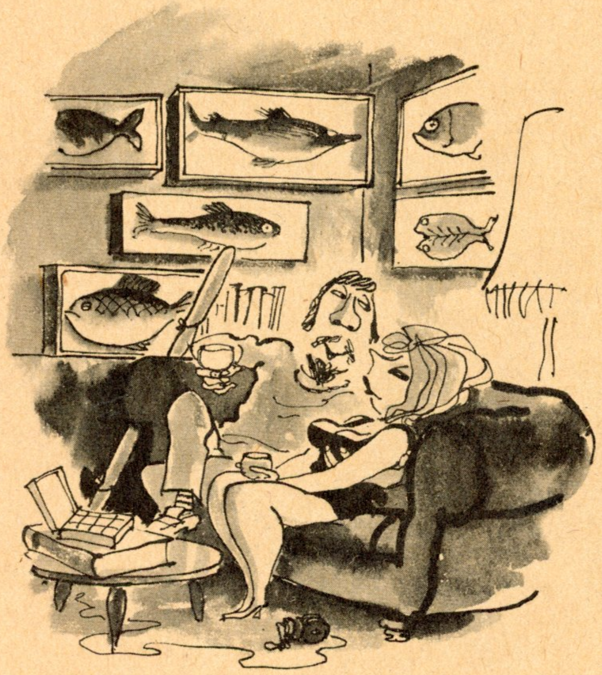
'I thought you'd like to know: it's stopped raining.'



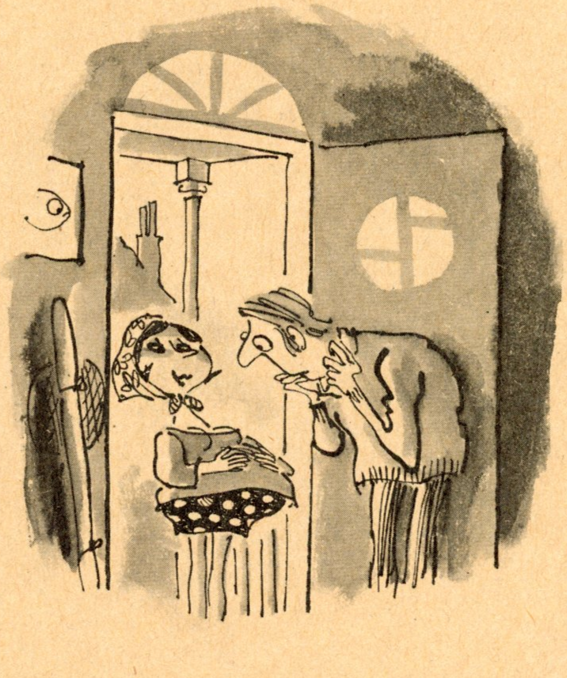
'Can't you damned fish see when you're not wanted?'



'One thing's certain – nothing that happened today is going to find its way into the Guinness Book of Records.'



'Would you like to see the little place where I do the mounting and stuffing?'



'Hello, Dennis! Remember the one that got away?'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Welcome to gaunt and gloomy Charnel Castle. melodramatic fragment of historic Ireland, formerly the family seat of Clementine of the Three Glands. His direct male descendant, a young American called Calyton Claw Cleaver Clementine has just received the place from great aunt Jezebel, and set the locality abuzz by raising the family emblem above the benighted battlements: a flag with three grapes borne by a single vine. And if Charnel Castle today isn't quite the place where the fabled Clementine, he of the three balls who was known to take ten girls for satisfaction every single night, well Clementine the descendant of that mighty Irish warrior lacks somewhat, too.

Not balls, though. Three he certainly has. As may be confirmed by this reported comment from the first girl to enter the lord of the manor's bed: 'How many balls do you have? I'm going out of my mind down there counting.'

For Charnel Castle, once Clem has got himself installed, is almost immediately invaded. This is the purest melodrama inventively brought to a new pitch of comedy by J. P. Donleavy in his new novel 'The Onion Eaters' (Eyre & Spottiswoode, £1·75). A lonely castle. A dark and dismal night. And three travellers arrive at the great castle door . . .

With the eager connivance of Clem's daft Irish servants, they all proceed to quaff the food and wine that seems to flow almost miraculously from the kitchens and cellars of historic Charnel. Then the girl among them, a large morsel named Rose, begins to flow herself with gratifying fecundity. This wasn't entirely a surprise to our Clem, by the way. He had already spied her peeping under the codpieces on the family suits of armour in the great dining hall.

'Give us a feel,' says Rose. 'Ah if that's not good quality granite I've never felt a bit in me life.' And growling she rears up on Clementine. He flaps around like a puppet under her two massive swinging breasts and cascading hair, growling and biting. Occasionally interrupted by a playful and inquisitive nip from Clem's pet giant Irish wolfhound . . . Thinks Clementine: 'Rose is somewhat savoury under the oxters. Inciting Elmer (the dog) who according to a mouldering dog reference book in the library can distinguish more smells than you could shake a mamba at. He only wants to know what sniffs. Between the strong muscles in Rose's thighs. Which grip me with pincers of knob ended knees.'

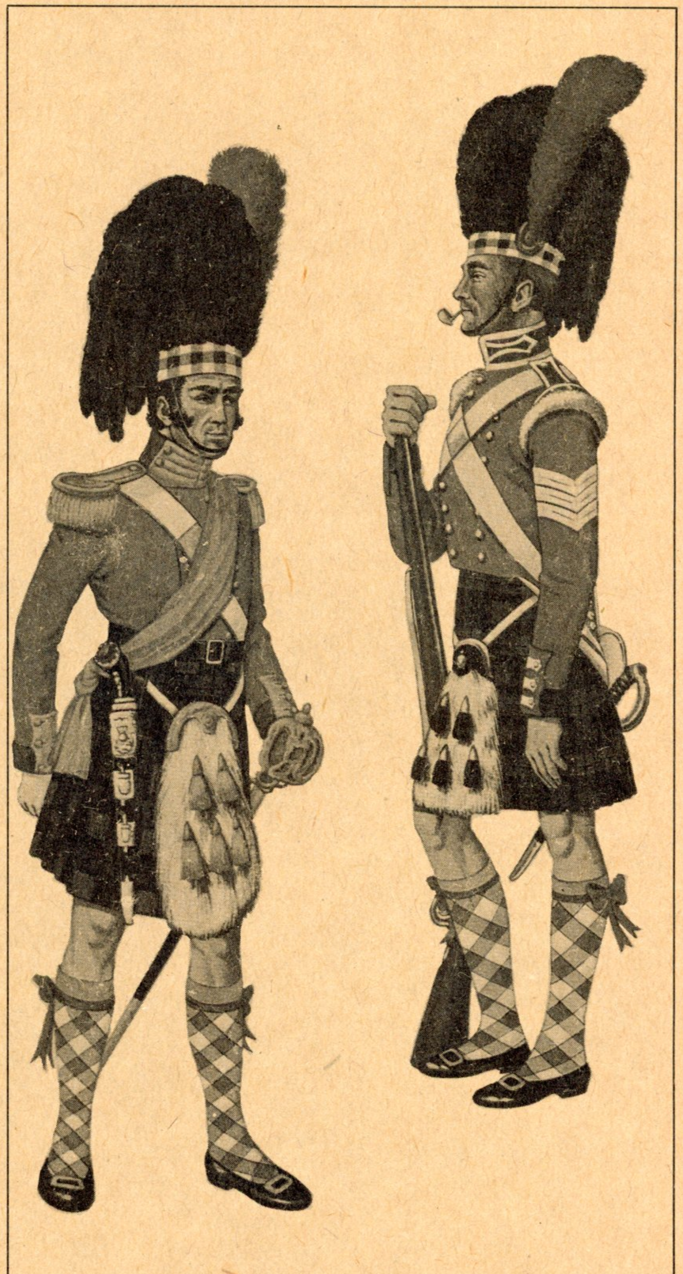
However, the curious Elmer saves Clem from embarrassment when an uncontrollable fart incurs Rose's displeasure. He is able to blame it on his smelly dog. Displeasure assuaged, it becomes time to satisfy other passions: 'Needed to feed her frenzied energy she uses to grind it right off me. Hold her steady by the great white rear globes. Smooth as mushrooms. Teeth in my neck. Sinking in. Rose groans. Long and nearly agonized. Flapping around like a fish. On the end of this pole. "Ah Joseph Joseph what is it you've got up in me." Do I speak. When I'm not Joseph. Best to wait for recognition.'

From the colourful tone of this book, there certainly is something different about Irish life. More and more uninvited guests pile into Clementine's castle, which in a curious fairy-tale way is able to feed and wine them all. There come along his landed gentry neighbours, the Macfuggers. The randy husband tells Clem how a ride in a coach over the local roads is no end stimulating. 'Even Gail there got a little saucy, pranged her in the back seat. The horses pounding over the roads, two of us flung about the place, damned thrilling nuisance trying to keep it in, she hasn't been as juicy as that since.'

In the next chapter, Clementine gets his chance to find out just what a coach ride can do. Invited over to festivities at the Macfugger castle, he is accompanied by one of his own uninvited guests, a randy widow named Veronica. As they trot through the land in the Macfugger four-in-hand, Veronica does a little of her own four-in-handing (which with the three-glanded Clementine is perfectly feasible). 'Something interfering in the area of my lap. The hand of Veronica. Wonder if my eyes are oscillating. Cleverly she has penetrated the fly buttons. The backwards on underwear will bedevil her. Goodness she's got through it. With the dexterity of a seamstress. By God her hand is cold. 'Do you mind awfully. Helps ha ha keep my hand warm. And I'd quite like to get to know you better.' Veronica is pulling away on it possessed. Macfugger greets the arrivals. ' "You two not up to any tricks together. Veronica old girl can take it like a trooper in any damn orifice you care to elect or if you fancy, in all of them at once and still hum the west's awake." '

Macfugger is clearly a natural part of this bawdy Irish landscape.

As Irish as Charlene, the lovely kitchen wench that Clementine seduces from among his own domestic staff. She explains how she lost her innocence: 'A business man in the town had a car and gave me rides. Before I knew what was happening I'd given myself to him. Only that lecherous



Officer and sergeant of the famous Black Watch Scottish highland regiment in dress uniform circa 1844. Two of Michael Youens colour plates from Charles Grant's book, 'The Black Watch,' which traces the regiment's combat record from its inception in 1739 to the Korean War in 1952. From the Osprey Men-at-Arms series at £1·25 old bastard told me he was putting in his thermometer to get my temperature. He owned the chemist's shop and I believed him. He'd say you've been a very good girl today your temperature was ninety-eight point seven degrees.'

As Irish as the need to hire two taxis from the nearest village to Charnel Castle – one goes behind the other in case it breaks down.

A bit like that original Donleavy hero, the Ginger Man, Clementine thrashes around a bit. He experiences a fumble in the north-west turret with Macfugger's wife. He encounters Commander Macdurex of the Irish Army of Insurrection. He even comes across Gloria, the all-American tourist, a millionaire heiress, one gathers from the narrative, though from some of her antics she seems to be more of an orgasm heiress. At dinner she says to Clementine: 'Let me hold your hand. Under the table. Fast. O God.' Her whole body shivering. 'I'm coming. I'm coming. I'm coming.' Gloria grinds hips in the seat of her chair, head lolling on her shoulders. Then she sits up and says: 'Maybe you didn't know what happened. I had an orgasm. I have them all the time like that. I guess you people maybe don't have them over here.' Then later: 'Hey, I want to come off again. Would you just touch me. Just on the inside of my arm. By the elbow. Yes. There. O man. Hold it. Right there. I'm going to come.'

Once, in the city Clementine visits one of Veronica's parties. When late that night he finds a bed there to sleep on, something disturbs his rest. He opens his eyes as he feels something tugging at his flies to see two heads down there in the dark and hear Veronica shout: 'Take your hand off his penis, he's staying here as my guest.' For the rest of that night, she exercises her hostess's privileges – crouching over Clementine pumping and grunting away. Clementine wonders how he's going to get out of her house while he has anything left at all. Veronica sticks a nipple in his eye, squirms her tongue deep into his ear, then rears up backwards on our labouring boy, clicking a pair of castanets rhythmically to help with the fun-making, her breasts wagging round with her gyrations. True to the spirit of the Ginger Man there are excremental farces and collapsing ceilings. And if it's any consolation, Clementine and Charlene seem to be on the verge of loving happy ever after.

FILMS

David Quinlan

The sisters of the Ursuline Order are certainly sexier than any nuns *you're* ever likely to meet. What's more, they're permanently on heat for a sensual young priest called Grandier (Oliver Reed). But this is France in the 17th century. And Grandier's enemies see the nuns' erotic fantasies as an opportunity to have him condemned as a heretic and burned at the stake. When the inquisitors move in, the sisters tear off their vestments and treat the purging of their devils as some kind of licentious orgy.

There's a very fine film to be made out of *The Devils* (X), even without a lot of naked nuns swarming around – most of them impossibly well endowed – to make proceedings a shade more sensational (if that's possible). Occasionally, director Ken Russell (who made *Women in Love*) comes close to making it.

Some of the scenes are very impressive, as is Mr Reed as the priest – an actor who grows with every film. The degradation of the period is caught with a fine relish, if the director occasionally shows his familiar penchant for going over the top. Scenes of the Plague spare nothing for the squeamish, even to such cures as wasps in the navel, not to mention the sideline delights of necrophilia interruptus.

More carefully presented than the same director's outlandish *Music Lovers*, and more compelling than Fellini's *Satyricon*, The Devils begs attention if only as a massive dose of witchery-pokery for clutchers of the grotesque.

And, we're told, it actually happened. Including the purging of devils from nuns by pumping boiling water into their vagina; and other more subtle tortures.

The burning sequence at the end is horrifyingly effective, ushering the film out on such a crescendo that one is inclined to forget its earlier indulgences.

A quick paddle in a stream is a fine old excuse for separating a bosomy girl from her clothes, and it still works. Erica Gavin thrusting forward in Russ Meyer's 'Vixen', released by Cinecenta

Little Murders (X) is a peculiar movie, rather typical of what is going on in the American cinema today. It pokes fun at everything Hollywood used to hold dear: marriage, society, religion, the home.

Elliott Gould is Alfred, a nihilist photographer who marries an all-American spider of a girl (Marcia Rodd), after spending a bizarre evening with her riotous all-American family.

No sooner has she finally got him to sacrifice himself in her marital web than a sniper splatters all over the bedroom while she and Alfred are making it together. Coitus interruptus with a vengeance. After a brief interlude with a psychotic detective (Alan Arkin), who has 345 unsolved murders on his hands, Alfred and the girl's family go berserk with a telescopic rifle, shooting everyone in sight.

The first 20 minutes of Little Murders are often hysterically funny, especially the beautiful dinner scene, with lights going on and off (or just burning out), the floor shaking from a bomb explosion, people getting up and down and the occasional bullet whizzing past the window.

It must be admitted, however, that the film includes some intervals where you'd be better off getting the ice-cream. In fact it looks like dying on its feet until Mr Arkin – who also directed – revives it with a staggering comic coup as the stuttering, blinking, funny-sick cop: a part in which Groucho

Marx would also have had a whale of a time.

Vanishing Point (X) is the story of a tri-state car chase: a sort of *Easy Driver* with the accent on pursuit. Quite why Barry Newman is in such a rush to get from Colorado to California isn't clear. A bet? A death wish? Or, finally, a betrayal? It's overlong, but an easy entertainment, which throws in a girl on a motorcycle (not Marianne Faithfull), who is nude for no other visible reason than to get the film its X certificate.

Bambi may turn in his grave, but sex and violence have come to the animal film. *Mr. Fourbush and the Penguins* (A) concentrates on penguins copulating, penguins fighting, having their throats cut or seeing their chicks torn apart by marauding skuas. Biologist John Hurt even has some kinky sex – *under* the bedsprings with knicker-clad (although one presumes not for long) Sally Geeson. But it's unwise to concentrate on one animal like this. As Mr Disney himself proved in the delightful *White Wilderness*, a little variation, not to mention sympathy, never did anyone any harm.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

In the early days of stereo it was considered great fun to own an EP or LP of steam train sounds. The idea was to watch your friends' expressions of amazement as they leapt to their feet, slopping drinks on the carpet, expecting to see the 9.35 from Stoke Newington come hurtling through your french windows. I never had much faith in the idea. I don't think it ever really worked. But lately the 'blow your mind' set have caught on to their own variation of the game. I am reliably informed that having reached your own particular state of induced relaxation, the big turn-on is to put on the stereo headphones and tune in to a still June evening as an express train steams, roars and whistles its way out of the top of your head. If you're interested, Argo Transcord (Decca) have a whole series of EP and LP recordings of steam engines at work. Though I fail to see why Argo have released **Clun Castle and Kolhapur** (EAP 152) on a mono EP. While bringing back childhood memories, it just didn't have the impact a stereo version might have had. Just as well – my mind is still my own.

The optimum number of members for a pop group is four – or four plus a singer if you're happier that way. Cream made it with three and so did Jimi Hendrix but less than four was few and far between and you had to be good to make it work. Now **Thin Lizzy** (Decca SKL 5082), a three man Irish group, have arrived with their first LP and I hope they're going to stay. Asked to describe their sounds in words I'd say: take something round, something falling, something happy rising, something slamming out a beat behind, mixed into a film of summer evening and a high speed sports car ride laced with more purple than blue. I'd also advise you to buy this LP because I spun it at a disco party and eight different girls wanted to take it home with them. Best beat/blues/depth LP this year.

After their incredible soul rocking single 'Mama told me not to come', I thought **Three Dog Night** were something wildly different, but **Golden Biscuits** (Probe SPB 1035) is too smooth. Professional yes, but the glint of something more has faded. The Mama track is on here (Thank you Three Dog for blowing us that) but the only other track with the same potential is 'One Man Band'. The rest is cabaret – beautifully done – and if that's your bag, then this LP is for you. It's still great but it doesn't have the shattering originality and life grabbing sound for which I fed ten shillings into a Cornish juke-box last summer.

Remember the Yardbirds? Jeff Beck played there and that's where Clapton's artistry was first polished.

Remember . . . The Yardbirds (Starline SRS 5069) has twelve tracks recorded between 1964 and 1966, including 'For your love', 'Evil hearted you', 'Still I'm sad'. There was never anything quite like the raw gusty sound of the Yardbirds – but listening back over the years, old groups never do sound quite the same as you remembered them.

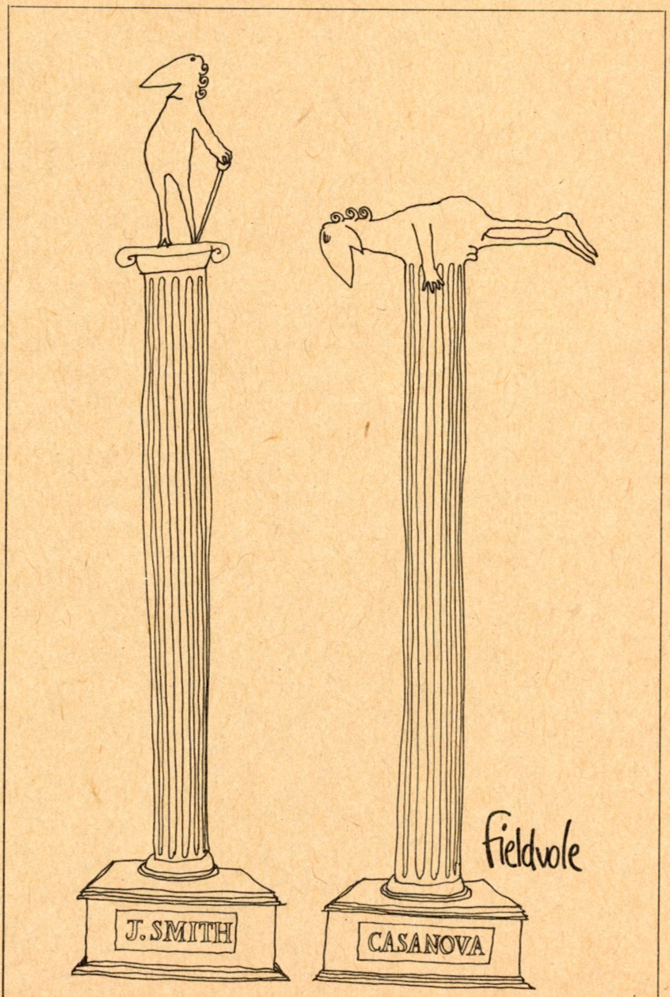
Steppenwolf Gold (Probe SPB 1033), a collection of Steppenwolf singles tracks, is unremarkable in that they're all so obviously from the same band playing the same notes in different sequences. It may be just one long solid hard powerplay with little in between but it's one LP that'll make the entire party get up and rave across the floor for 40 solid minutes. A definite party rocker.

Stud (Deram SML-R 1084) are another three man band, Irish again, and they play beautiful progressive stuff that needs careful listening to. The vocals are soft and sweeping, the sound both acoustic and electric. A mixture of wild ballads tending towards heavy progressive in places.

Grand Funk Railroad have come home. **Survival** (Capitol SKL 5082) is still heavy music but it's not steamroller, boot in the ear crashing heavy. Now it's finely tempered with lyrics and acoustic of wild beauty though the mind storming bit is still in there – so careful with your volume controls.

Session men have, of late, been grabbing the group bandwagon and climbing aboard themselves. In doing so they've raised the quality of pop music to an unprecedented level of professionalism and instrumental ability.

Heads, Hands and Feet (Island ILPS 9129) are worth buying purely for track one, side one, 'I'm in need of your help'. Here are six session men in search of perfection. Taking the optimum group membership as four, and granted that when you drop to three you've got to be good to make an impression, so it is when you go above four. Any number of musicians above four are not adding to the basis of the group sound so much as rounding off the corners. There is a great danger that with any more than four instruments laying down the backing, the sound tends to dissolve into a single mass and lose much of its impact and clarity. Happily, Heads, Hands and Feet have not fallen into this trap. They've managed to use the extra instruments to build onto their sound a superb versatility, a creative forcefulness if you like. And it's damn good.



NIGHTLIFE

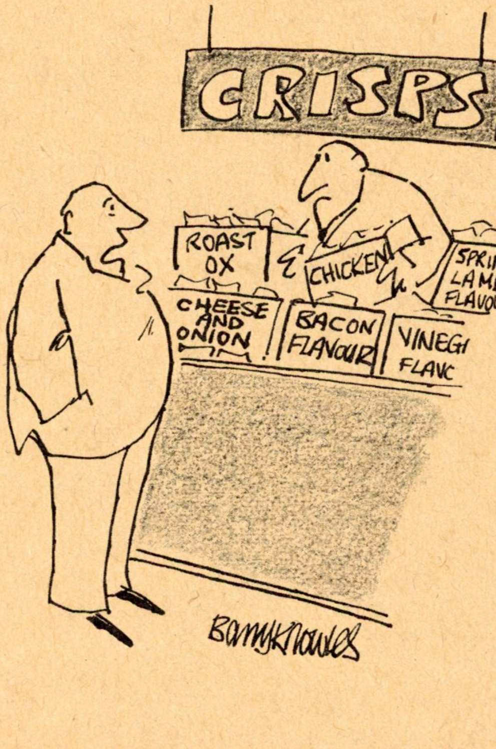
Kenneth Dowd

During the past three weeks, I see from the diary that I have dined out in twelve restaurants in the Kensington and Fulham area. If I bring five of these to your notice it will not only be fair comment, but also give you plenty of choice in your wanderings.

Their range varies, from an oyster bar through two Italian restaurants to a hamburger house and a traditional English restaurant. Each has an individuality of its own, apart from fair food and prices, and if we dwell on the atmosphere it is because there is not overmuch room for mouth-watering descriptions of the dishes. Let us assume that you will be accompanied by some delightful young lady (or ladies), and that you are out on some quest or other. Now then, why would you take her to **Bill Bentley's,** 31 Beauchamp Place, SW3? Possibly to let her smile on the wine when 'tis red, since he sells it at such ridiculously low prices. In fact, you may buy and drink a bottle of the 'House' rosé for a paltry 75p, in company with about 100 other people who have learnt this dodge.

His groundfloor bar is regularly packed with rather pleasant people from neighbouring Knightsbridge, and we are being charitable if we assume that they are just in for a glass before dinner – at those prices, most of them are in for two bottles at least before they order.

Dinner consists of a splendid restaurant upstairs, with courses mainly fish, at about £1 a dish – or a Supper Room downstairs, where meals are considerably cheaper and rather more bohemian. Bill Bentley comes from the well-known family who run that excellent Oyster House just off Piccadilly, and he is always to be found on the premises tasting a bottle of wine somewhere. At least, that is the excuse he gave me.



'You wouldn't, I suppose, have a packet of crisp-flavoured crisps . . ?'

You have probably gathered that Bill Bentley's Wine House has an active and even robust atmosphere, whereas **Barbarella,** 428 Fulham Road, SW6 is all candles, and pools of light falling onto individual tables for individual couples. It also has a pleasant secluded cocktail bar, and a discotheque which can be seen through arches at the end of the main restaurant room, with what can only be described as a sensual projection of moving colours on the wall.

Enrico Savelloni runs the room rather as if he expects every couple to be furtive lovers trying to get away from something or other, and Dominic his maitre/d', takes over when Enrico leaves you in the bar, and guides you to your dimly lit table.

Barbarella has Italian cuisine, and extraordinarily good Italian Chianti carafe wine. Barbarella also has a great Italian air about it, and you are looked after from the moment you enter the door in that personal way which Italians are best able to create – a mixture of friendliness and discretion. Barbarella is for lovers.

Capability Brown is for Englishmen. By that, I mean the Capability Brown Restaurant at 53 Old Brompton Road, SW7. Find duck, chicken, steak and rabbit in all sorts of imaginative presentation, with remarkably English names such as Padsworth Supreme, Eversley Duck, English forced tomatoes, and Lancashire Hot-Pot.

The restaurant was designed by Henry Bardon in keeping with the era of Capability Brown, and the brown hessian walls are covered with romantic landscapes of the age. It is the sort of place to use when you feel like a rather civilised evening with a rather Kensington girl, enjoying very English food and getting a small English bill, since the average price of their main course is in the range of a reasonable 80p per dish.

One of the managing directors is an attractive young lady called Catherine Taylor, and even Brown would have admired her capability as she handles this restaurant room.

Lovers of Italian food will enjoy browsing through the beautifully designed menu which **Franco** presents at 241 Old Brompton Road, SW5. We counted at least twelve additional dishes written down the side of his already elaborate menu of twenty main courses, and by a clever arrangement of everybody ordering something different we were able to sample a dozen courses, including a very delightful dish he chooses to call 'Quail, How do you like?'

Just as charming as his menu is suave good-looking Franco himself, an immediate hit with all his lady-customers, whilst the men watch enviously and pick up the tips. Franco has built up his restaurant over a period of years into a thriving business with a returning clientele. If you like a bright trattoria with an equally bright staff for your evening out, then Franco's is the place to go.

If economy is the order of the day, then **Stax** is the place to go. I have never seen a place as reasonably priced as Stax. I have sat down and talked with the owner whilst they have challenged me to work out a meal for two from their menu which could cost more than £4. When I did manage to produce one at £4·20 it was because I cunningly slid in an extra carafe of wine.

Although Stax looks like a restaurant, it is in practice a very glorious Hamburger house. A plain and succulent charcoal grilled hamburger, with exotically-spiced Stax sauce and french fries, is sold for 38p. The carafe of red or white wine costs 70p, and they also sell a new and interesting Scandinavian lager called Rignes. There is also a remarkable chocolate cheese-cake sweet covered with mint chocolate ice cream, and although it may not mix very well with the lager it certainly tastes fine on its own.

Stax has a rather vivid red green and white tile decor, but the quality of the fitments is immediately noticeable – the beautiful marble floor and the sunken lounge at the rear in particular. It is run by a team of vigorous young restaurateurs, and supervised by Stack himself, a Greek and British dynamo of a man who is constantly changing and improving this economical eating house.

It is commendable that he can make a profit at the prices he charges, but he obviously knows the way the chips are stacked.

Mayfair Film Focus

Gad, Carruthers, it's a bare farce

What's up and coming in the sex film field? The latest launch is old-time comedy spiced with new look nudity

Where do nude films go next? After the sexual techniques of 'Language of Love' and the high-flown sensuality of Ken Russell films, what pastures are untrammelled? The answer is comedy and sex combined – a bare-faced farce to be exact. Mayfair has secured these exclusive pictures from a new British film to be distributed by Target International this autumn. The title is 'The Love Pill' and the plot could come from any of the Whitehall farces. How come an obscure village has a highly gratifying performance rating and yet a low birth-rate? The answer is the local sweet shop where the homemade sugar balls possess sexual properties. Bingo! It could be commercial. It catches on and soon, in spite of that famous lady's warning, they're doing it in the streets and frightening the horses. Until, that is, supplies of the magic ingredient, an aphrodisiac root, run out, and half the female population get pregnant. Not that that's much to laugh about. Verdict? An interesting modern film technique best described as getting your sniggers and knickers in a twist.

First set your scene. A quiet village to judge from the gently waving trees and the birds twittering. Enter a myopic gamekeeper who chances upon entwined lovers (previous page). We are now aware the village is well up in country matters. The next scenes of naked note occur in the sophisticated surroundings of a London disco (top row, this page). Even the bird in the broderie anglaise feels sufficiently free to drop a few stitches. Competition is keen, however, on the topless floor, most of it coming from the coal black mammaries of a resident dancer. Closer inspection reveals the splendid figure of our own Sylvia Bayo. In the middle pictures sweet shopkeeper Arnold, who has given up all hope of making it, sweet dreams that secretary Linda tip-toes to his bedside with his breakfast egg (left) and stays to make a proper meal of it (right). For a more complex bed scene, however, the eye drops to the bottom row where a commercial is being made to sell the sexy sweeties. If it ever makes the small TV screen it will certainly knock the Coronation Street ratings.

WEIRD SUSAN

It had been nine years. 'Do it,' she urged me, 'do it, do it.' And the rest was all the same but with a string of obscenities linked to each 'do it' / Fiction by Jay Burnett

I always was crazy about jazz. When I was eighteen I had records stacked in each corner of the room and if I wasn't listening to Miles Davis or Dizzy Gillespie I was practising on the trumpet. There was a club in the town where the fans gathered and where I took the first steps towards blowing the blues for a living. We had a sextet and ran through some well-worn tunes and between sets we stood in a nearby pub, weighing up the talent.

At nineteen I got a job with a local dance-band, playing two or three nights a week, and what with that and the club sessions I thought I was doing pretty well. Being a musician seemed to add some kind of glamour to my name and I found it easy to get girls. I guess it gives them status with their friends if they can say they're going out with a musician.

Susan hung around the club and I soon picked her out as something special. She didn't have a reputation for sleeping with anyone who'd once held a saxophone and in fact seemed to hold herself aloof from the wilder aspects of the scene. She was slim and graceful and her blonde hair was invariably pinned up in a coil, giving her a delicate air in a society where so many other girls thought it smart to have a cigarette dangling from their mouths as they shot out obscene comments on life.

I talked Susan into having a drink with

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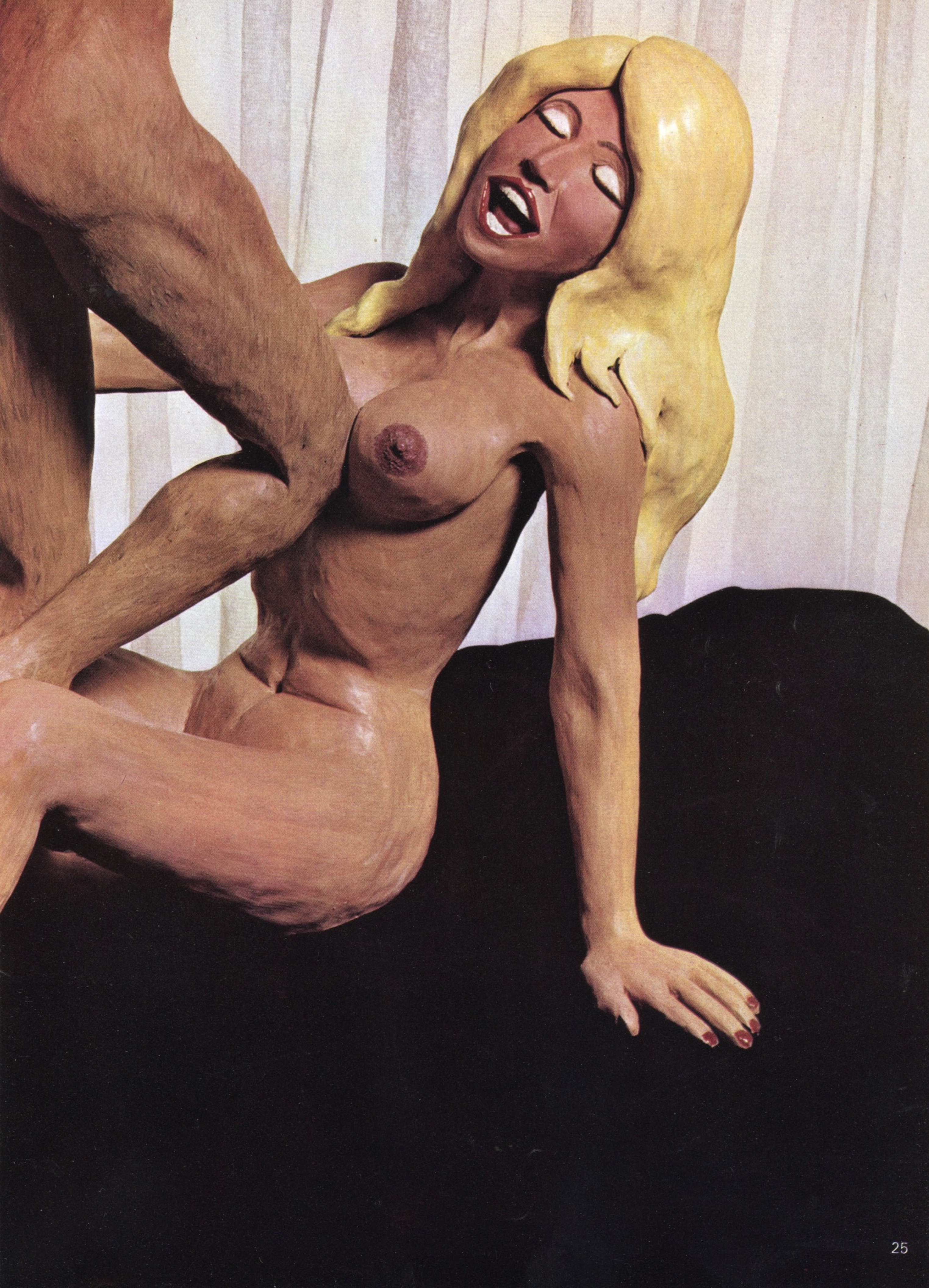
MODEL MADE AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY JON MILTON



WEIRD SUSAN

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me one night and the affair blossomed. We did the usual nineteen-year-old things. We held hands on our walks through the park, scuffling the damp leaves and glorying in the fact that no-one else found the mist-laden Autumn days so attractive and stimulating. In cold weather we sat in coffee-bars, looking into each other's eyes, ignoring the harassed housewives and their noisy kids, oblivious to the scowls of the waitress wanting to clean the table. And we made love in front of the fire when Susan's parents were away for the weekend. She was naked on the rug and cried after we'd finished, not because she thought it wrong but because it had been so soft and warm and tender and she wanted it to go on and on.

It ended suddenly and I was sick with shock for weeks afterwards. Maybe I was naive to ever believe it could last or that it could be so perfect. And perhaps it wouldn't have hit as hard if I'd found out in a different way.

I'd gone to the club early one day, wanting to use the piano to work out a theme I'd been tossing around in my mind for some time. The keys were kept at a shop opposite and the old man didn't say anything when I asked for them. He shoved them across the counter and shuffled back to his living-quarters, muttering about how many hours he'd worked when he was my age and here I was at four in the afternoon, fooling around with a piano and a trumpet. I unlocked the outer door and started to climb the stairs. It was then I heard the voice coming from the storeroom just off the hallway. I figured that as I had the keys it couldn't possibly be anyone from the group, so I quietly opened the door and peeped into the room. It was dark and dusty and piled high with all kinds of junk. A gymnastics society had once used it and wooden horses and boxes were stacked in neat rows.

For a moment I was tempted to call out but the voice murmured again and I recognised it as belonging to Fenton, the group's drummer. He must have a spare key, I thought, and what the hell is he up to this time? Fenton had a reputation for being the weird one, the man who always knew where to get pills and pot and which party would have pornographic films. He was a few years older than the rest of us and had the edge in sophistication. I crept down the room and peered around a large cupboard. When I saw them I wished I hadn't.

They were on some old canvas covers and the dim light from the dirty window above their heads seemed to throw an added aura of fantasy on the scene. Fenton was naked and squatting on his haunches. His face had an expression of evil joy written across it as he gazed down at Susan and handed her the cigarette. She was lying on her back and wore only stockings and suspender-belt. She'd let her hair down and loose strands trailed across her face. Fenton bent forward and ran his hands over her breasts. When he rocked back on his heels I could see that he'd drawn a circle of lipstick around each nipple.

I should have done something, I know. I should have stopped them or gone away, but I couldn't move. They were engrossed in what they were doing – their bodies were covered with drawings – and hadn't realised I was there. Susan dropped the lipstick and slid her hands beneath her buttocks and pushed herself up so that her hips jerked in Fenton's face. His head went down. Her face was taut with concentration and the look on it differed from the sweet and innocent wonderment I'd observed during our love-making. The tight mouth and narrowed eyes gave her a vixen-like quality.

Fenton pulled his face away and pushed his fist into her crotch. She gasped and bucked wildly. The tempo increased until she blurted out 'Now,' and he moved over her. As they coupled Susan began to talk, using words and phrases which spurred him on to drive at her harder. Fenton's breath came in jagged bursts until he let out a long shuddering moan and lay still. She stroked his hair and said something I couldn't catch and he shook with laughter, his stomach grinding against hers.

She seemed so satisfied, lying beneath him, that I let out a cry and they both turned to look at me. At first they were surprised but Fenton started to chuckle and she joined him and I gaped at their lipstick-smeared and sweating bodies, entwined and jerking with laughter. I could take no more. As I ran down the room I could hear them shouting. The daylight hit my eyes when I blundered into the street, and a passer-by stared at my tear-stained face.

You can read the jazz books and magazines and they'll tell you how I joined Stan Wilson's band when I was twenty-two. They don't tell you what I did between leaving home and finally making it into the big time. After the scene I'd witnessed I never went near the club again and within a month I moved to London. For two years I practised, playing any kind of gig just for the experience, and taking part-time jobs when the going got too tough. I'd grown cynical and bitter and saturating myself with music seemed to at least hold some of the anger in check. I ploughed it into my solos and maybe that's why I got a name for having a hard and savage sound.

Well, the Stan Wilson job came along and with the satisfaction of knowing I'd got somewhere I guess I mellowed a bit. There were good times and girls in the different towns we played and the music was fine and we worked hard at it. I quit Wilson after a year or so and moved on to other bands, but after four years I decided it was time to hit out on my own. The quintet I formed played around the jazz clubs in England and we got booked to accompany an American singer on a tour of the Continent.

For a time in Paris, after the tour had ended and I'd disbanded the group and was playing at a club with some French musicians, I almost considered settling down and taking a studio job. There was a French girl called Michelle and for three months we lived together and it was probably the most perfect three months I've ever known. Paris really is the city for young lovers. We walked by the Seine and sat outside cafés sipping pernod. I'd come in from the club in the early hours of the morning and she'd be curled in the bed. Her face was childlike in sleep but delight lit her eyes when I kissed her awake and she was a woman at my touch.

The club folded, though, and I moved on to Berlin. I meant to return to Paris when I'd raised some money but an American pianist hired me for a band he was taking to England and so I found myself in London. The weeks of rehearsals and concerts passed and I realised I hadn't written to Michelle in four months. I thought about going to Paris and then a sad little letter arrived one day, forwarded from my Berlin address, in which she said she was engaged to a French boy and she was sorry, but it wouldn't have worked out between us anyway, and goodbye.

That night at the club a record company taped the group I was working with and when they asked for the title of the ad-lib

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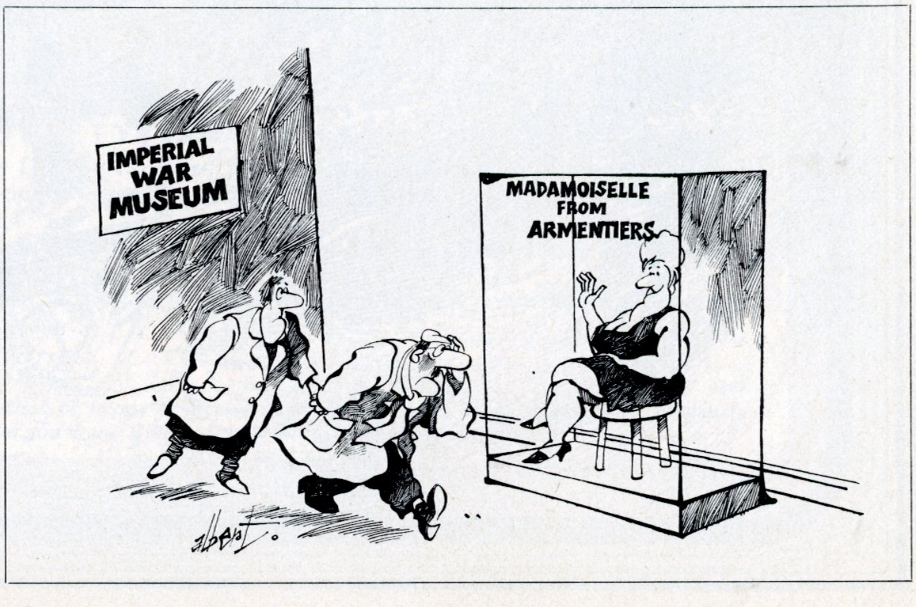

WEIRD SUSAN

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blues I'd used for my feature spot I said, *Sweet Michelle*. It was true enough because I'd been thinking about her all the time I was playing. Later, a critic wrote that it was one of my most lyrical performances and an amazing change from the early, biting solos I'd recorded. He should have known Michelle and then he'd have understood why I played so gentle and easy. I didn't part from her with any bitterness. No hard feelings.

One of the hipsters who hung around the club introduced me to Karen and a few days later she moved in with me. Michelle had been quiet and happy pottering around the kitchen but Karen couldn't cook and didn't want to learn. She was slick and fashionable and knew the score, but she was fun all the same. We ate in bars and cafés and when we weren't in those places or clubs we were in bed. What she lacked with pots and pans she made up for with a fantastic variety of interesting positions. She'd kick off the bedclothes and crouch above me, kissing and caressing. I'd pull her down and she'd roll over. Her back was smooth and her short hair hardly covered her neck.

The group was hired for a concert in Liverpool and I travelled North again, wondering what I'd find. I hadn't been home since I'd moved to London and, as we'd three days to spare before flying to Copenhagen to open at a club there, I'd decided to look up my brother and one or two old friends.

The streets hadn't changed much and I checked in at the hotel near the station. I hired a car, met my brother, called on my old music-teacher, and wandered around. On the Friday night I went to a pub where the local bands played. The room was crowded and I stood near the bar, idly studying a girl whose breasts appeared to have been welded on, they were so pointed and firm. I could see the trombonist eyeing her as he raised his instrument to his lips and started his solo. I was debating whether to try my luck with the girl when someone tapped me on the shoulder and I turned and looked into a smiling face.

Chesney had been one of the happy-go-lucky members on the scene nine years before, never wanting to play professionally and always ready to drop his clarinet at the sight of a pint or a pretty girl. He wasn't a typical provincial musician, all twisted because he hadn't made it. He'd be playing the clubs for kicks when he was sixty and would always have a good time. I was glad to see him. We chatted about jazz and of course the old days cropped up. I asked about some of the characters we'd known. Most of them had drifted into other things and Chesney just shrugged his shoulders when I mentioned their names. I couldn't hold it back, I had to ask the one question that had intrigued me since I'd arrived in town. 'Do you remember Susan, the blonde I went out with?' I said, as casually as I could. Chesney paused and half looked over his shoulder. 'Yes,' he replied. 'She married Fenton, you know, the drummer.' Another pause. 'You remember him, don't you? He's a salesman now.' He glanced over his shoulder again and then it came out suddenly, 'She's here. Do you want to have a word with her?'

'Sure, why not?' I told him and cursed myself as I said it. He weaved his way through the tables and I saw him pause and lean over a crowd in the far corner. As Susan stood up and came towards me I watched the swaying motion of her hips. She looked good, I had to admit. Her figure had filled out, but in the right places. She smiled and I felt a twinge of regret and thought of those Autumn days in the park. We went through the formalities and then she said, in a teasing voice, 'You're quite famous now, aren't you? It's a pity I didn't follow when you ran off to London.' I winced at the way she hung onto the words 'ran off' and her arrogance irritated me. I shrugged and she went on, 'Bob's got all your records and he's always playing that new one, what's it called, *Sweet* . . . something or other.'

'*Michelle*.'

'That's it. Is she pretty?'

'Very. And nice, too. It's a rare combination.'

She laughed and changed the subject. 'It's a pity Bob's away on a business course, he'd have loved to have met you.'

The lights flashed on and off to signal last orders and she said she'd better go, her friend would be waiting to give her a lift home. Like a fool I told her I had a car and could drop her off, and she eyed me for a moment and smiled in an odd way and said, 'All right. I'll just tell my friend I'm leaving.' Her friend was male and she argued with him for a few minutes before returning to me.

In the car her skirt rode high on her thighs and I could feel her hand on my arm as we talked. When I stopped under the trees outside the house she turned towards me and I put my arm around her. With a sigh she moved along the seat and we kissed. 'Let's go inside,' she said.

She led me into a cosy living-room, warm and well-carpeted. When we clinched she pressed her thighs against mine and whispered, 'The zip, at the back of my dress.' I tugged at it until she could wriggle the dress off her shoulders. She pushed it over her hips and as it fell around her ankles she stepped out of it. Her fingers were pulling at the belt on my slacks and at the buttons of my shirt.

We sprawled on the white, sheepskin rug in front of the fire and she giggled girlishly: 'Remember, nine years ago, the weekend my parents were away?' I nodded. 'It's like old times', she murmured. 'Do you remember that record, *One More Time*? Come on, we'll do it one more time.' I unclipped her bra and then moved my hands to her hips. She arched her body and her panties slid along her legs, but when I tried to unfasten the suspender-belt she pushed my hand away. 'Leave it,' she said. Crouching naked above her, I gazed at her

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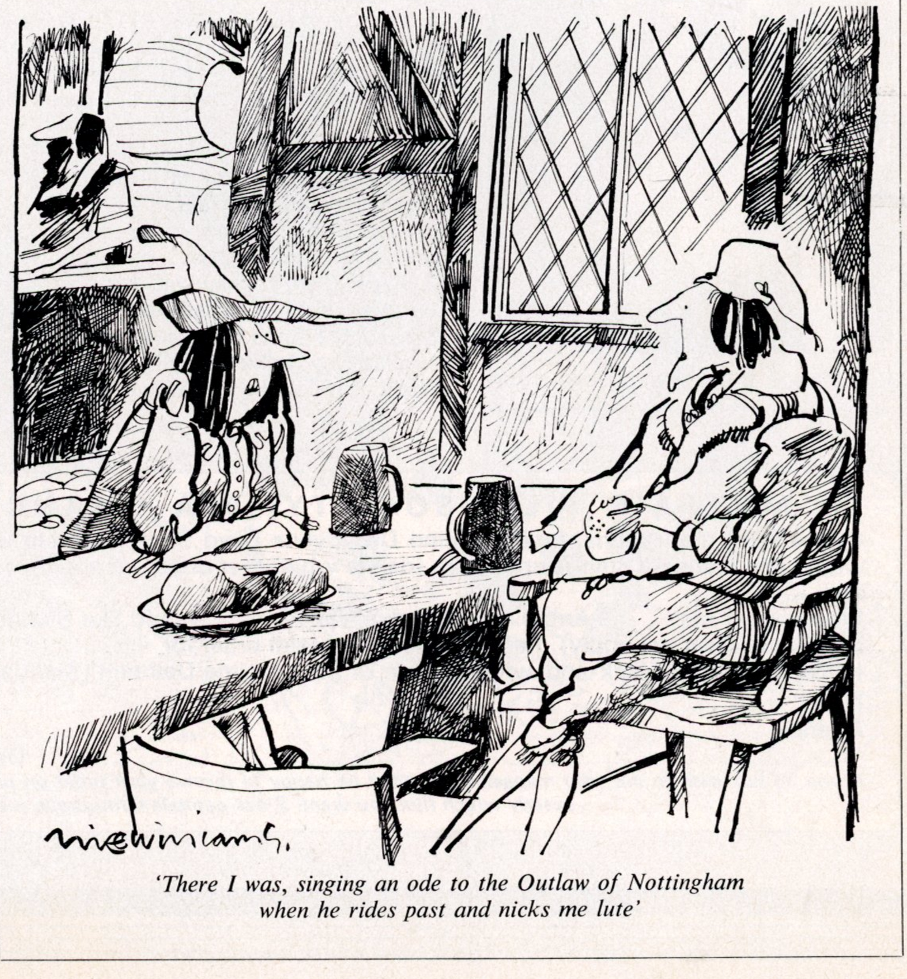

'There I was, singing an ode to the Outlaw of Nottingham when he rides past and nicks me lute'

WEIRD SUSAN

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lovely body and at the belt tight across her belly and the straps down to the stocking-tops. She smiled and stretched her arms above her head and as her breasts pushed upwards I ran my finger lightly over the nipples and bent to kiss them. At the first touch of my lips her thighs thrust towards me and, rolling her head from side to side, she began to talk in a low, intense voice.

'Do it,' she urged me, 'Do it, do it,' and the rest was the same but with a string of obscenities linked to each 'do it'. Seeing her like that I thought of the day, nine years ago, in the dusty storeroom, and the rage welled inside me. I couldn't control myself, though. Her body thrashed beneath me and no matter how I felt about the past I wanted her. My face bent towards her thighs. She whimpered and cried out and beat the floor with her fists. When her heels began to kick at my legs I took her, thrusting without control as she clawed at my back and sobbed out her needs.

I finished and lay panting on top of her. With the release came a feeling of relief, as if I'd paid off an old score. 'You bitch,' I told her, 'Maybe that'll teach you,' but her face showed only an expression of detached amusement. 'That's for what Fenton did nine years ago,' I whispered and she turned her head and I followed her eyes.

Fenton was sitting in the chair by the one dimmed light in the room. At first I tensed, waiting for the attack, but then I realised he hadn't just come in. He wore only a dressing-gown and the way it was open and his relaxed position in the chair told me he'd been there all the time. I glanced at Susan and saw that she was staring at him with a look of almost abject devotion. Fenton stood up and smiled at her.

'That was beautiful,' he crooned, 'You looked wonderful, so much more exciting than last week.' I exploded then, shouting and swearing and wanting to know what kind of people I'd got myself involved with. It was when I moved that Fenton looked closely at me and realised who I was. 'Hell,' he said, 'I thought it was . . .' and before he could finish he gave a whoop and shouted to Susan, 'Marvellous, darling, marvellous. Oh, you've really excelled yourself tonight.'

When I hit him he fell down and Susan ran to his side. She looked strangely erotic bending over him, hair falling across her face, breasts dangling. Fenton swore at me. 'Oh my,' he said, 'What a drag you are.'

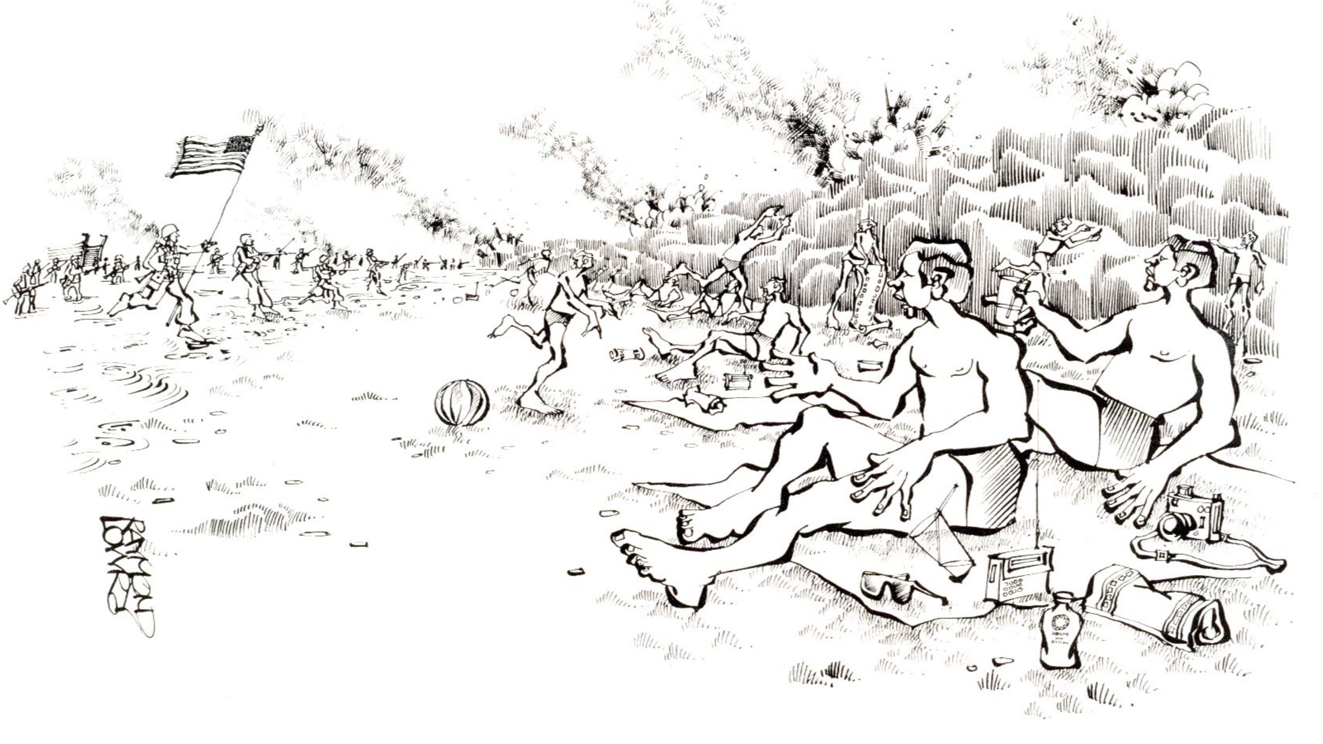
I stumbled into the hall, pulled on my trousers and shirt, and ran from the house. The night air was cold on my chest and the sharp stones on the pathway cut at my feet. Behind me their laughter rose mockingly until I started the car and drowned it out.

She'd planned it from the moment I'd watched her walk towards me in the pub, and I recalled the odd smile she'd given me when I offered to drive her home. And if I hadn't been there that night she would have got her boy-friend from the pub to perform with her. From what Fenton had said I knew it wasn't the first time, and I thought of the devoted look in her eyes and wondered what else she'd done to please him in the past nine years.

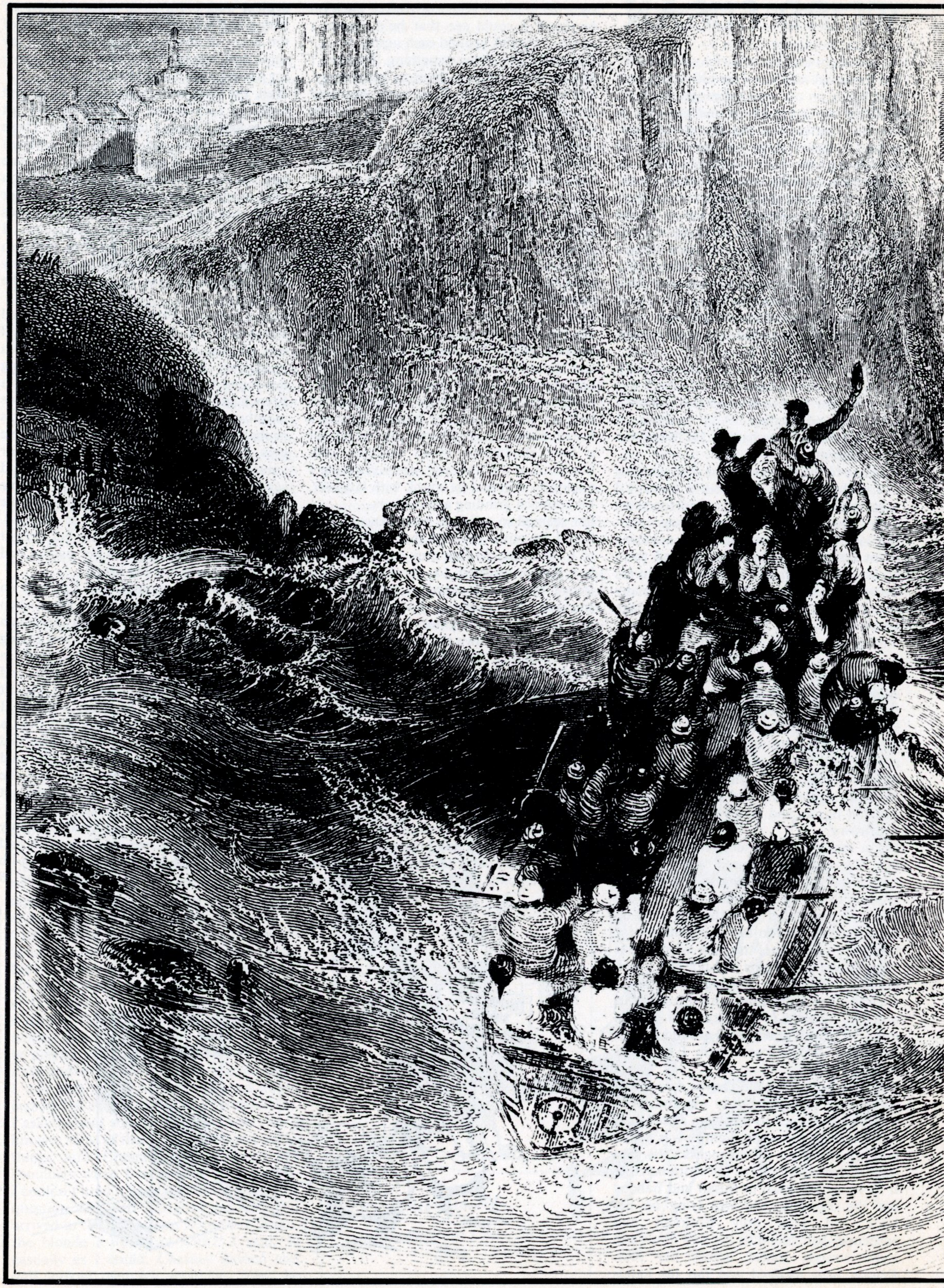
We opened in Copenhagen three nights later and I kicked off with a tune I'd licked into shape as I sat in the empty bar that afternoon, drinking cognac and trying to deaden the still vivid picture of Susan on the rug and the lewd expectancy I'd seen on her face as I bent over her. She must have been looking straight at Fenton at the time.

The tune had been spinning around in my mind from the moment I'd driven away from the house and at first I couldn't place it. And then I remembered. It was the sensuous little theme I'd gone to the club to work on all those years ago when I first saw Susan and Fenton together, and I'd forgotten it until my new experience had dug it out from the dark corner I'd tried to hide it in.

I was pretty drunk on the stand that night and Michelle, Karen, and all the other girls, seemed a lifetime away. I announced the tune as *Weird Susan* and Morris, the tenorman with the group, stood and watched me with a worried frown on his face as chorus after chorus of hate and bitterness spat out from the bell of my horn.



'It's that seven-stone weakling we were kicking sand at last week . . .'



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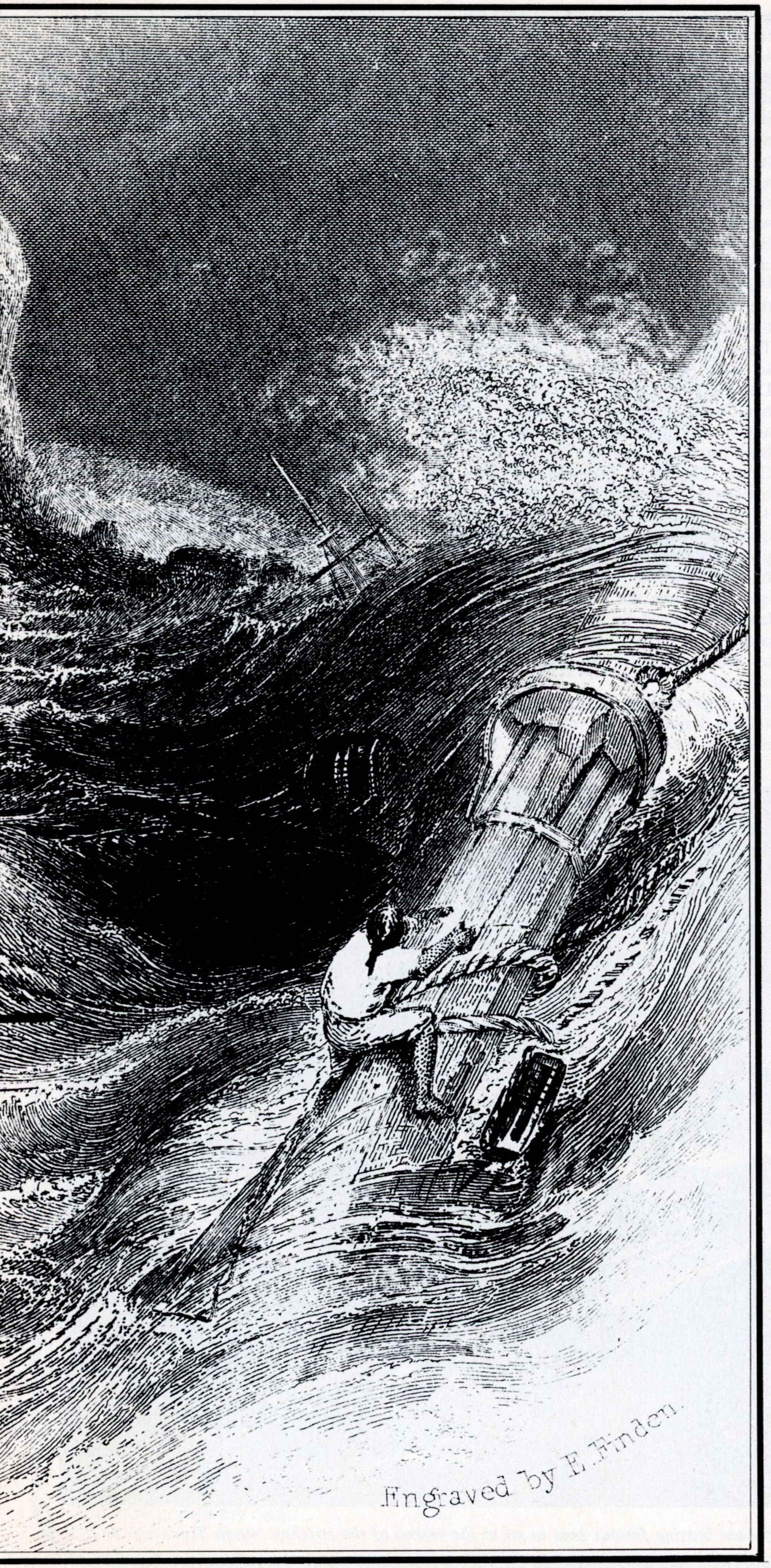

PLUCKED FROM THE SEA

Ferocious seas and cruel currents pitted against frail boats on the most selfless of missions has surrounded lifeboats with high Victorian melodrama that has never died from the days of Grace Darling

By Muriel Miller

During the Battle of Britain, a young pilot was shot down over the English Channel. Badly burned and temporarily blinded, he struggled for an hour in the cold sea before being picked up by the Margate lifeboat.

There can have been few rescues more ironic. The young airman was Richard Hillary, a direct descendant of Sir William Hillary, founder of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

Sir William, born in 1771, was a prolific writer of pamphlets. Concerned by the lack of any organised lifeboat service, he published in 1823 a pamphlet pleading for a national institution to aid shipwrecked sailors and deploring the fact that 'no precautions have been taken for rendering assistance to vessels in distress.' What lifeboats there were, were scattered at odd places around the coast. As an active crew member of the Douglas, Isle of Man, station, Hillary was well able to judge their inadequacy. (Incidentally, Hillary was awarded the gold medal for bravery on three occasions, an honour equalled only by the Cromer coxswain Henry Blogg.)

Concern had been growing generally for a number of years about the lack of lifeboats.

For example, in March 1789, a Newcastle ship, the Adventure, had been wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne. As the icy seas pounded the ship, crew members scrambled for the safety of the rigging. One hundred yards away horrified onlookers stood on shore. Some sailors struck out for land, but the freezing water numbed their limbs and they were drowned. There was no boat capable of putting out to aid the distressed ship and, in an agony of despair, the townspeople saw the unfortunate sailors lose their grip on the rigging and fall into the sea below. Every crew member was lost.

Members of a Newcastle social club known as 'The Gentlemen of Lawes House' were so deeply affected by the tragedy that they offered a two guinea prize for the best model of a 'life-saving boat.'

The prize was won by one William Wouldhave and a vessel was built from his design by another South Shields man, Henry Greathead. Named the Original, the lifeboat cost £150 to build and was launched in 1790. She was thirty feet in length, ten feet in beam and carried six pairs of oars. Extra buoyancy was supplied by cork casing at both stern and bow and a cork lining along the gunwale. During her forty years service, many hundreds of mariners were to owe their lives to the Original.

She had her drawbacks, however. The only method of propulsion was rowing; she had to be baled out by hand and if she capsized she was unable to right herself.

In the early 19th century, the Norfolk and Suffolk lifeboat made its appearance. Designed by Lionel Lukin, she was built specifically for Suffolk waters with their outlying sandbanks. Larger than the Original she differed in another, more important, way – she was the first sailing lifeboat.

Lifeboat designs continued to improve and by 1824, public opinion, too, had been stirred. In March of that year a meeting was held in London and a resolution passed that 'The National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck' should be founded as a charity under the patronage of King George IV. Thirty years later the name was changed to that of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution (RNLI).

As the 'Shipwreck Institution' was a charity, there was a constant need for public support; and in 1838, the lifeboat service received publicity of the most tragic – and now, most celebrated – sort.

Grace Darling and her father were manning the Longstone Lighthouse alone when a gale force storm broke out. The PS Forfarshire was driven on to the Harker Rocks some three hundred yards from the lighthouse. The steamer broke in two and the majority of her passengers and crew were washed overboard and drowned. Thirteen people managed to struggle on to the rocks, to which they clung grimly. Grace Darling and her father put out to sea in their small coble and battled against the mounting waves to reach the rocks.

By now there were only nine survivors, two children and two adults having perished. William Darling managed to jump onto the rocks while his 22-year-old daughter tussled alone against the swamping seas. The coble could not carry all nine people, so the first five were taken aboard and Darling and young Grace began the long haul back to the lighthouse. Her father and two of the rescued survivors then went back for the others.

Grace Darling's heroism made a big impression on the Victorian public and it was maintained that she had acted in the inspired manner typical of the great principles underlying the life-saving service.

In 1850, another competition was organised. This time the Duke of Northumberland, concerned by the apparent lack of progress in lifeboat design, offered a prize of 100 guineas for the best model of a lifeboat.

The prize was won by one James Beeching, and his design was later modified to greater effect by a certain James Peake. The most important feature of the boat was its self-righting property.

She was thirty feet long and carried ten double-banked oars. Weighing over two tons she could carry thirty survivors as well as a crew of twelve. The principle of self-righting proved successful and for quite some years it was incorporated into all lifeboats.

The next development in lifeboat design came in 1887 when George Lennox Watson designed a large sailing boat 43 feet long with a 12.5 foot beam. She was *not* a self-righter. Watson had designed her specifically so as a result of a disaster at Southport the previous year, when the barque Mexico had gone aground in gale conditions.

The Southport lifeboat and crew were almost alongside the Mexico when they were swamped by heavy seas and capsized. Out of the crew of fifteen only two survived. That was by no means the end of the tragedy. The St Anne's lifeboat had been called out as well, but some two miles from Southport she too succumbed to the waves. She was found next morning capsized. All fourteen members of the crew had been drowned. To lose twenty-seven of its members in one night was an unparalleled tragedy for the lifeboat service.

George Watson maintained that with the use of the larger sailing boats, it would be better to abandon the self-righting principle. However, argument for and against

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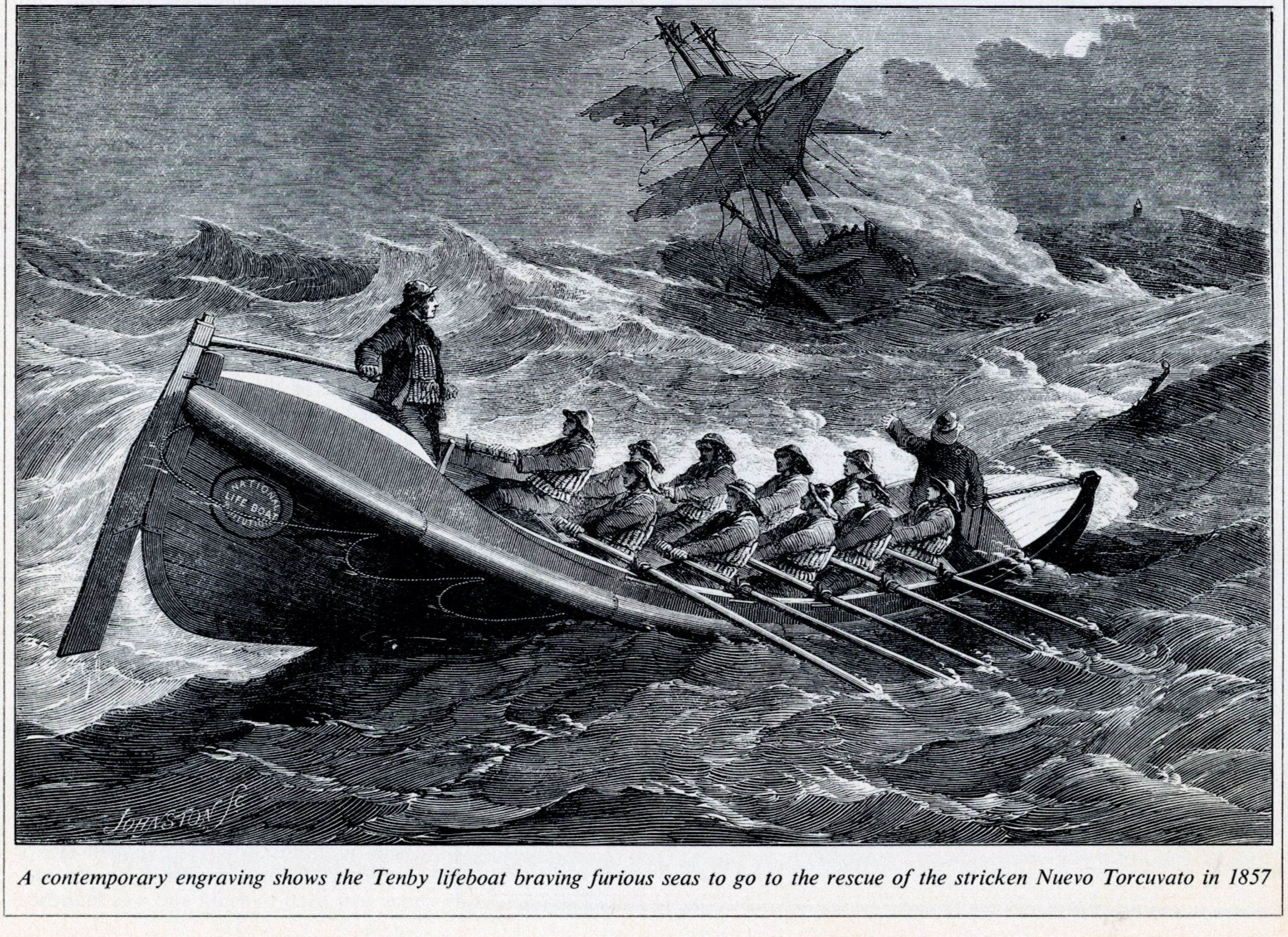


A contemporary engraving shows the Tenby lifeboat braving furious seas to go to the rescue of the stricken Nuevo Torcuvato in 1857

PLUCKED FROM THE SEA

continued from page 30

'self-righting' went on for years and in fact boats of both types were built.

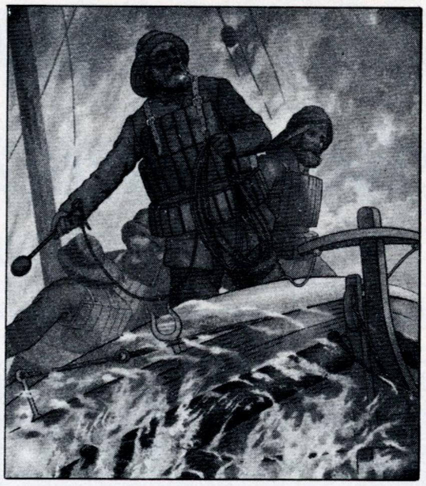
Towards the end of the century, marine steam engines were being developed, and in 1890 the first steam lifeboat, the Duke of Northumberland, was launched. She was fifty feet long, with a 14ft 4in beam and a 3ft 3in draft. Water was sucked in by a centrifugal pump through an inlet at the bottom and was then discharged through outlets at either stem or stern. This directed the boat forwards or backwards.

Built of steel, her engines developed 170 hp and she could carry thirty survivors. She was originally stationed at Harwich but was later moved to Holyhead and New Brighton. In all, six steam lifeboats were built and they saved nearly 700 lives.

Although the last steam lifeboat was not withdrawn until 1928, the advent of the internal combustion engine made further development unnecessary. Two motor lifeboats were built in 1909 and, as the argument for and against the self-righting principle had still not been resolved, the two boats were built accordingly – the Stromness was a self-righter and the Stronsay was of the Watson variety. Each boat was fitted with a four cylinder engine and the coxwains were informed by the RNLI that the motor was an auxiliary to the sails and that the sails should be considered as the motive power.

As with any charitable organisation, the big problem is raising funds and it is unfortunately only when disaster happens that the public conscience is aroused. However, in 1899, one dramatic occurrence gave it a considerable jolt.

On the night of January 12 a message was telegraphed to Lynmouth station in Devon – a ship was in distress in Porlock Bay and, with strong gales blowing, she was in grave danger of running ashore. But gales and high seas were running at Lynmouth too and it was clear that no lifeboat could be launched from the beach. Before this information could be telegraphed back, the lines were blown down and all communication between Lynmouth and Porlock was severed.



Out goes the lifeline as the storm rages

But as far as the Lynmouth coxswain was concerned, a distress signal had been received and his boat was expected to put out. He decided the boat would go overland.

The route covered difficult country starting with Countisbury Hill, across the open moors and then down the one-in-three gradient of Porlock Hill. A team of horses was attached to the lifeboat's carriage and, lighting the way with flares and oil lanterns, crew and helpers started their trèk.

Countisbury Hill, with a one-in-four gradient, was negotiated successfully. Now . . . the moors. Here they faced their first really big obstacle: the road was only seven feet wide – too narrow for the carriage.

The solution? They slid wooden skids under the boat and dragged it along, literally skid by skid. The gale-swept band ground along in this laborious fashion for over a mile. Meanwhile, some of the helpers had brought the carriage over the moors, knocking down gateposts as they went.

The two parties joined up where the road widened and the descent of Porlock Hill began. The high wind made the task doubly difficult. People hung on for grim life to drag ropes; drag and safety chains were put onto the carriage wheels.

At the bottom of the hill yet another obstacle was encountered: the garden walls of the cottages made the way too narrow for the lifeboat to be dragged through. So – with the consent of the owners – down came the walls.

The toilers moved on, only to be faced with what appeared to be the complete wrecking of their efforts – thunderous waves had devastated the sea-wall, making the main road to the shore impassable. But, having come all this way, the Lynmouth men were not to be beaten.

After cutting down several trees, they took to another road, finally arriving on Porlock beach at 6.30 in the morning after a journey that had taken them 10½ hours.

The ship, the Forrest Hall was still in distress but had not yet run aground. The lifeboat was launched at once, without so much as a pause for refreshment, and with the aid of a tug, the Forrest Hall was towed into Barry in South Wales. As an example of dogged determination and achievement, the story has few equals.

It was not until 1927 that ship-to-shore

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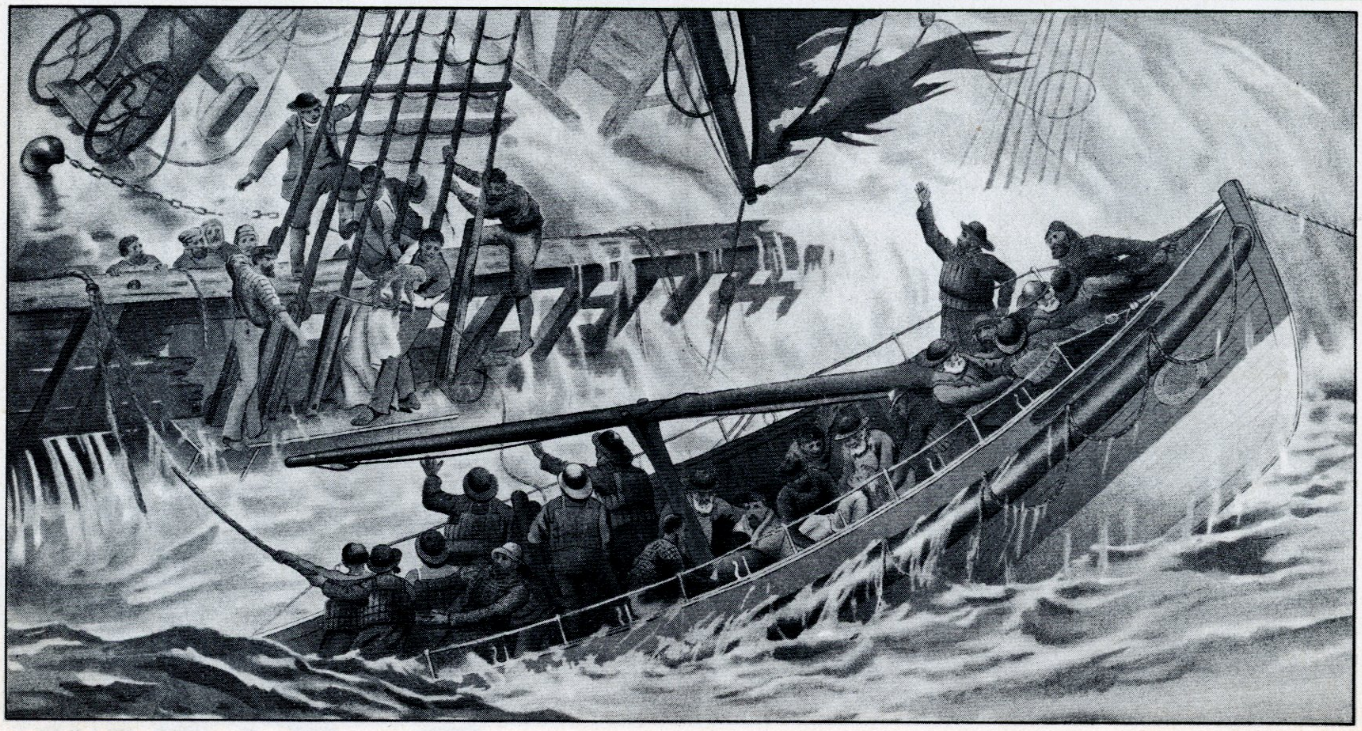


This illustration from a children's book published in 1886 dramatically conveys the atmosphere of a sea rescue in the days of sail

PLUCKED FROM THE SEA

continued from page 34

communication was introduced, when the Rosslare Harbour boat was fitted with a receiver and transmitter for wireless telegraphy, and in 1929, came the radio telephone, today a standard item of lifeboat equipment.

By 1932 diesel engines had superseded petrol, saving fuel, thereby extending a lifeboat's range and reducing fire risk. However, because of lack of funds, reluctance to part with still serviceable boats and the high cost of new equipment, many outdated and old-fashioned methods were still in use. Steam tugs were still in service in 1928, in some places horses were still being used to launch boats in 1934 and it wasn't until 1948 that the last of the sailing lifeboats was withdrawn.

As the pattern of lifeboat design and construction has changed, so too has ancillary equipment been improved. The old sailing boats carried as standard equipment life-lines, cork lifebuoy, grappling irons, anchor and cable, a drogue to steady the boat in heavy seas, axes and hatchets, and a speaking trumpet. Today, needless to say, the list is considerably longer and includes both medium and high frequency radio, floodlights and searchlights, signalling lamps, line-throwing pistol, direction-finding gear, echo sounder, and all manner of first aid equipment.

Clothing, too, has changed since the traditional yellow oilskin and brown lifebelt. Today a nylon two-piece suit proofed with neoprene, impervious to oil and water, is the order. Life-jackets have been improved and, as well as automatically turning the wearer face-upwards in the sea, come fitted with whistle, life-line and an amber light which switches on in water.

Aside from the six old steam boats, all lifeboats were traditionally constructed of wood. The change-over from wood to steel came in 1965, mainly because of the declining number of craftsmen boat builders, though an additional factor is that today steel boats are cheaper to build. The first steel boat was seventy foot long and had a displacement of eighty tons, with a maximum speed of eleven knots.

The most recent lifeboat to be launched was The Jack Shayler and the Lees, at Bembridge, Isle of Wight in 1970. Over 48 feet long, with a beam of 14 feet, a draft of almost five feet and a displacement of 28 tons, she can do 9 knots over a 113-mile radius. Each of her two engines develop 110 hp at 1,300 rpm, and the 28in propellors are made of aluminium bronze.

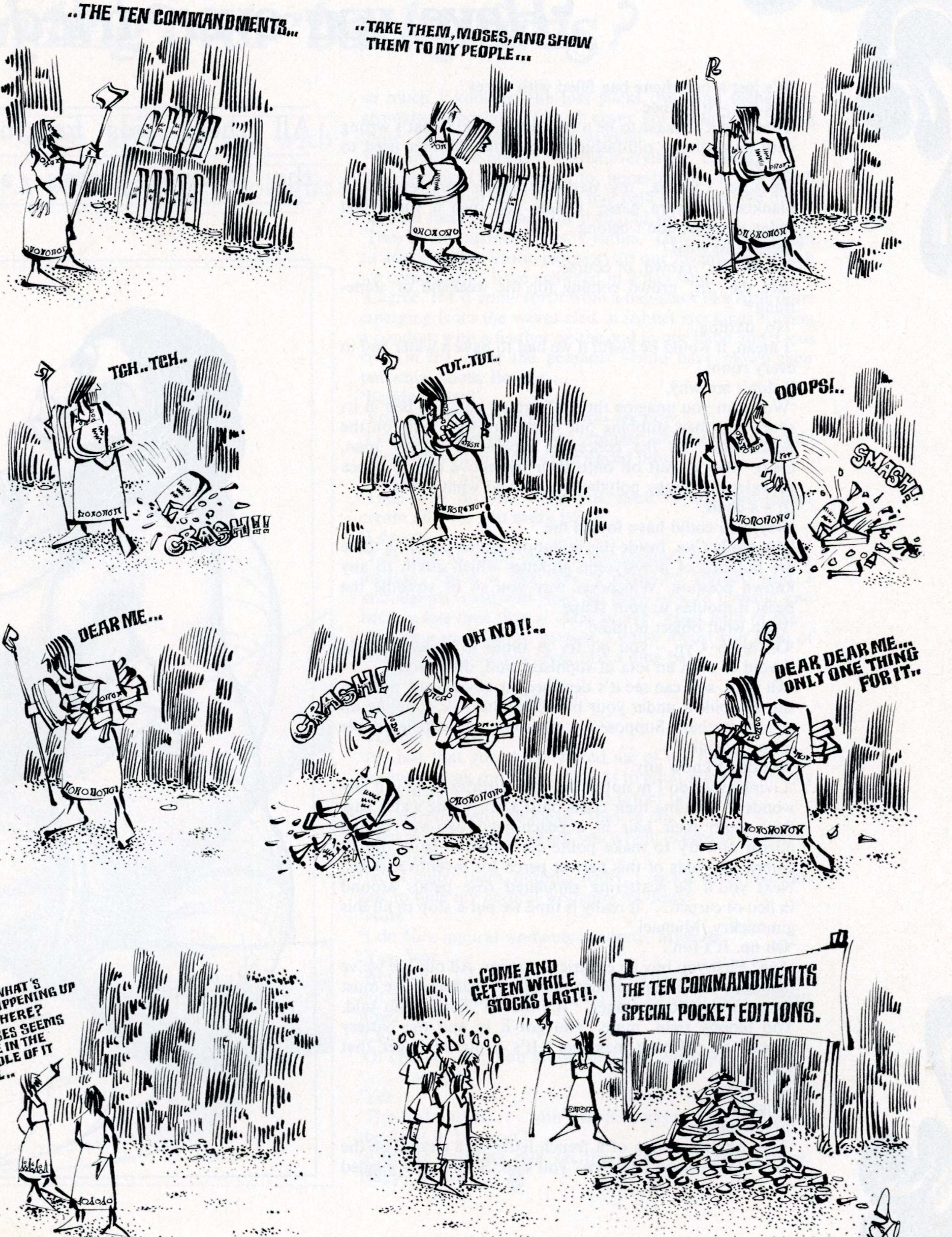
The boat's steel hull is of all-welded construction with a cast-iron ballast keel and aluminium superstructure. The Jack Shayler and the Lees is a self-righting lifeboat and exhaustive tests and capsizing trials have proved the success of the design. In case of hull damage, reserve boyancy has been provided by filling the longitudinal bulkheads with rigid polyurethane foam. She was built at Cowes at a cost of £70,000 and can carry up to 100 survivors in addition to the seven-man crew.

Inshore rescue boats (IRBs) were introduced in 1963 to cope with the increasing number of sailing accidents close to shore. As more and more amateur yachtsmen took to the sea, it became clear that some kind of fast, lightweight rescue craft was needed. The first inshore rescue boats were inflatable and cost only £1,000 to build. They were immediately successful and the fleet was soon increased to over a hundred. They cover an inshore limit of seven miles and the latest model has a top speed of 25 knots.

A committee has been set up to look into the possibilities of using hovercraft for rescue work, and helicopters are in general use. Experience has shown that lifeboats and helicopters are complementary as rescue craft. The helicopters come from the Royal Navy and the Air Force. There is close cooperation with the air stations.

Since the inception of a National Lifeboat Institute in 1824, over 90,000 lives have been saved. The crew members do not get a fixed wage but when on duty are paid by the hour. The only full-time paid member of the crew is the motor mechanic, whose services are essential for the maintenance of the boat.

All crew members are expert in their knowledge of the sea and local waters, and their bravery has become legendary. When the maroon is fired, the boats are ready for launching, no matter how hazardous the conditions. Peter Smith, coxswain of The Jack Shayler and the Lees, put it like this, in words worthy of Grace Darling herself: 'The only time we don't go out, is when we can't launch the boat.'


..THE TEN COMMANDMENTS..
..TAKE THEM, MOSES, AND SHOW THEM TO MY PEOPLE...
TCH..TCH..
CRASH!!
TUT..TUT..
OOPS!..
SMASH!
DEAR ME...
OH NO!!..
CRASH!
DEAR DEAR ME... ONLY ONE THING FOR IT..
WHAT'S HAPPENING UP THERE? MOSES SEEMS TO BE IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL..
..COME AND GET'EM WHILE STOCKS LAST!!..
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS SPECIAL POCKET EDITIONS.

Have you ever tried it

All those aids for inventive
the sexual Jones's a little

'It's just a polythene bag filled with water.'
'It's not – it's a bed.'
'I can see it's *meant* to be a bed, stupid. But what's wrong with an ordinary old-fashioned one like Mother used to make?'
'Because, Cynthia, my darling, feather mattresses and blankets are ultra passé. Unless you own a water bed today you just don't belong.'
'Belong to what?'
'To the "in" crowd, of course.'
'Are the "in" crowd coming for the weekend or something?'
'No, darling.'
'I mean, it would be awful if we had to have a water bed in every room.'
'I don't see why.'
'Well, can you imagine the "in" crowd going to bed in its spurs and then stubbing out its reefers willy nilly on the bedclothes? To the concerted moans of "crazy man, crazy" they'd waft off onto their respective trips in a sea of water and soggy polythene bag. And what's this?'
'It's a chair.'
'Boy, you could have fooled me.'
'No, really Cyn. Inside this imitation leather covering there are millions of polystyrene granules which adapt to any known position. Whichever way you sit or straddle the beast it moulds to your shape.'
'With what object in mind?'
'Oh *really* Cyn – you do try at times to appear utterly devoid of even an iota of sophistication, don't you?'
'All right, so I can see it's designed to obviate the need to shove a piilow under your backside. But it *is* doubling up as an armchair. Suppose we ask some respectable people in for a drink?'
'We don't know any.'
'Living as we do I'm not in the least surprised and is it any wonder? We sling their coats onto a polythene water bag, they comb their hair in a peach-hued two-way ceiling mirror and try to make polite conversation from the all embracing folds of this perfect perch for inventive lovers. Next you'll be scattering simulated rose petals around in lieu of carpet . . . it really is time we put a stop to all this gimmickry, Michael.'
'Oh no. It's fun'.
'*Fun*? First you buy an electric massager. All our life we've managed without an electric massager – suddenly we must have an electric massager. "It's the 'in' thing" you said. Too bloody right, mate. You got it in and the battery packed up. Electric massager? It's a plastic finger that wiggles.'
'Vibrates.'
'Wiggles.'
'Stimulates.'
'Then all that nausea of a french letter with a tassel on the end. "This'll send you Cyn" you said. Send me? I giggled

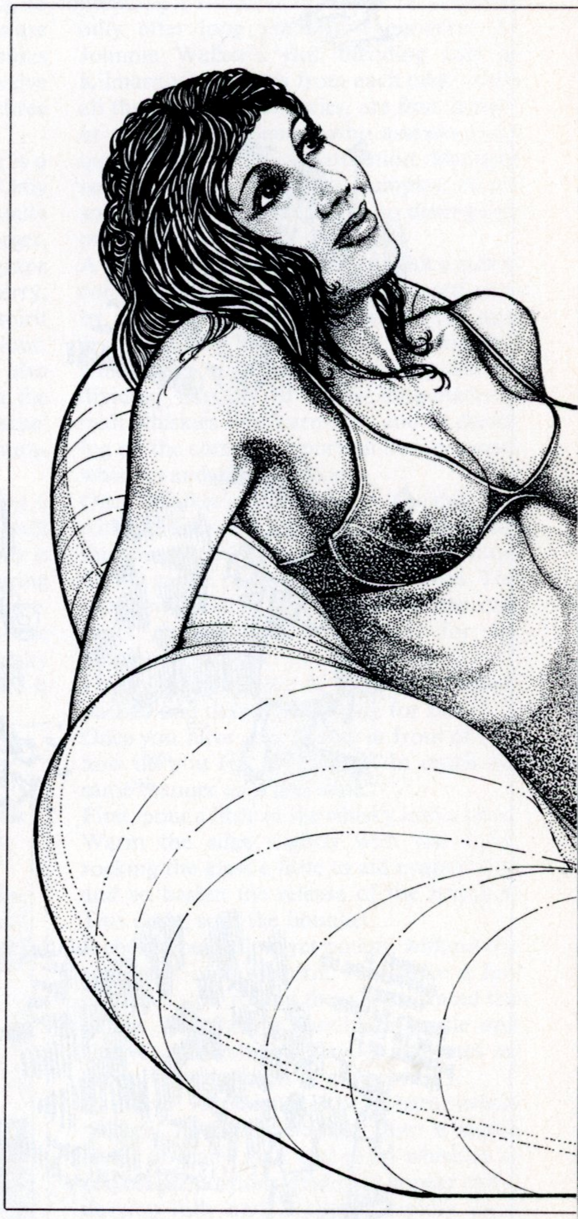
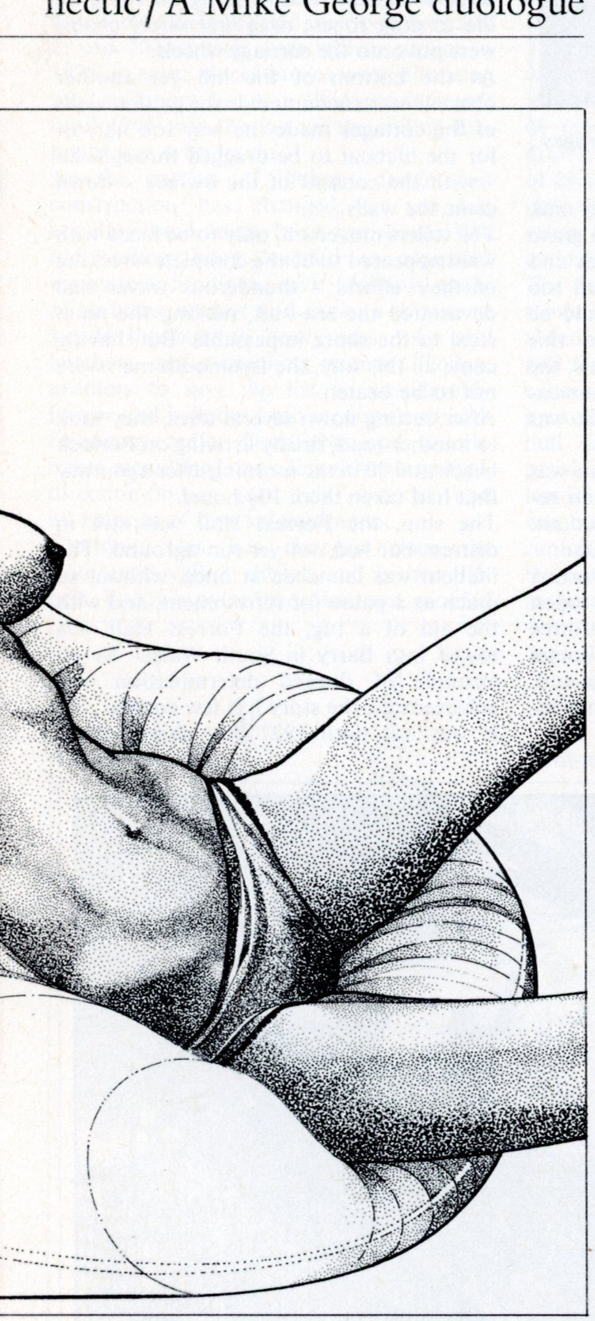


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID ACE

trending over backwards?

lovers make keeping up with hectic / A Mike George duologue



so much I knocked the joss sticks over and melted the aromatic chocolates. Pity. I never got around to tasting those. They might just have worked.'

'Why must you always ridicule everything, Cynthia?'

'Oh, darling, I don't mean to, honestly. But it was much nicer in the old days in the hay field at home. We didn't need all these artificial aids then, did we?'

'They're not artificial aids, Cynthia. They are an attempt to add a certain erotic piquancy to our lovemaking which we could hardly have achieved in a hay field.'

'I agree. If I'd come forth from a hay-stack like Aphrodite emerging from the waves clad in fishnet stockings waving a condom with a feather on the end in one hand and a joss stick in the other the peasants would have blown their parochial cools. Besides . . .'

'Besides what?'

'You were better then than you are now.'

'I couldn't have been. I was younger and less experienced.'

'Meaning you're more experienced now?'

'Of course I am.'

'Then why do you think you need to slap last-longer cream all over you every time?'

'I do not.'

'You used to. Until you put the menthol chest rub on by mistake. Gave a yelp like a castrated Indian, said a sacrilegious word and rode me from here to Canada and back in less time than it takes to say "great balls of fire". You were *magnificent*, darling. I know it cost you most of your foreskin but you went like a ding bat.'

'Damn.'

'Now what's the matter?'

'Nothing.'

'Tell me?'

'It's just that you've convinced me of the futility of continuing to seek out these adjuncts to adult pleasure. If they do nothing for you it does seem rather pointless.'

'Oh, darling don't be mean. They're *fun*.'

'They would seem to afford you a high degree of hilarity, I must agree.'

'No, I enjoy them, darling, really. I cackle away like this just to hide my natural womanly modesty.'

'Nuts.'

'I do *have* natural womanly modesty, Michael.'

'Yes, dear.'

'Anyway – I know it's not your birthday till tomorrow, but as it's midnight would you like to open your present now?'

'Can I?'

'Of course, silly. You know what it is anyway.'

'. . . You didn't?'

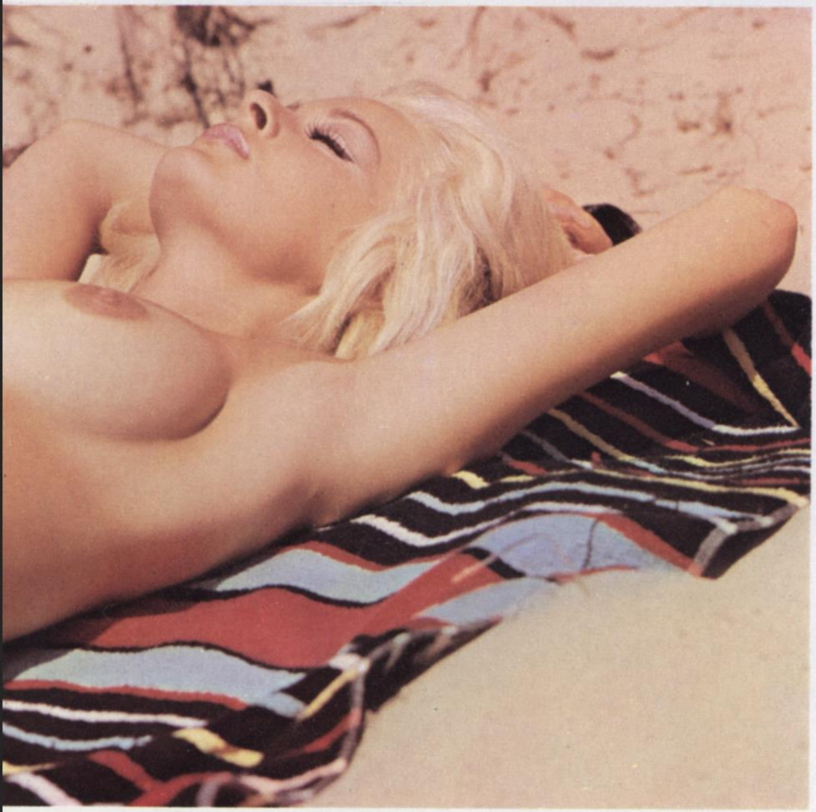
'Yes . . .'

'The underpants . . . with the rhinoceros horn printed on the front of one pair?'

'And the snorting bull on the other . . . yes, darling. Happy birthday.'

Penny

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

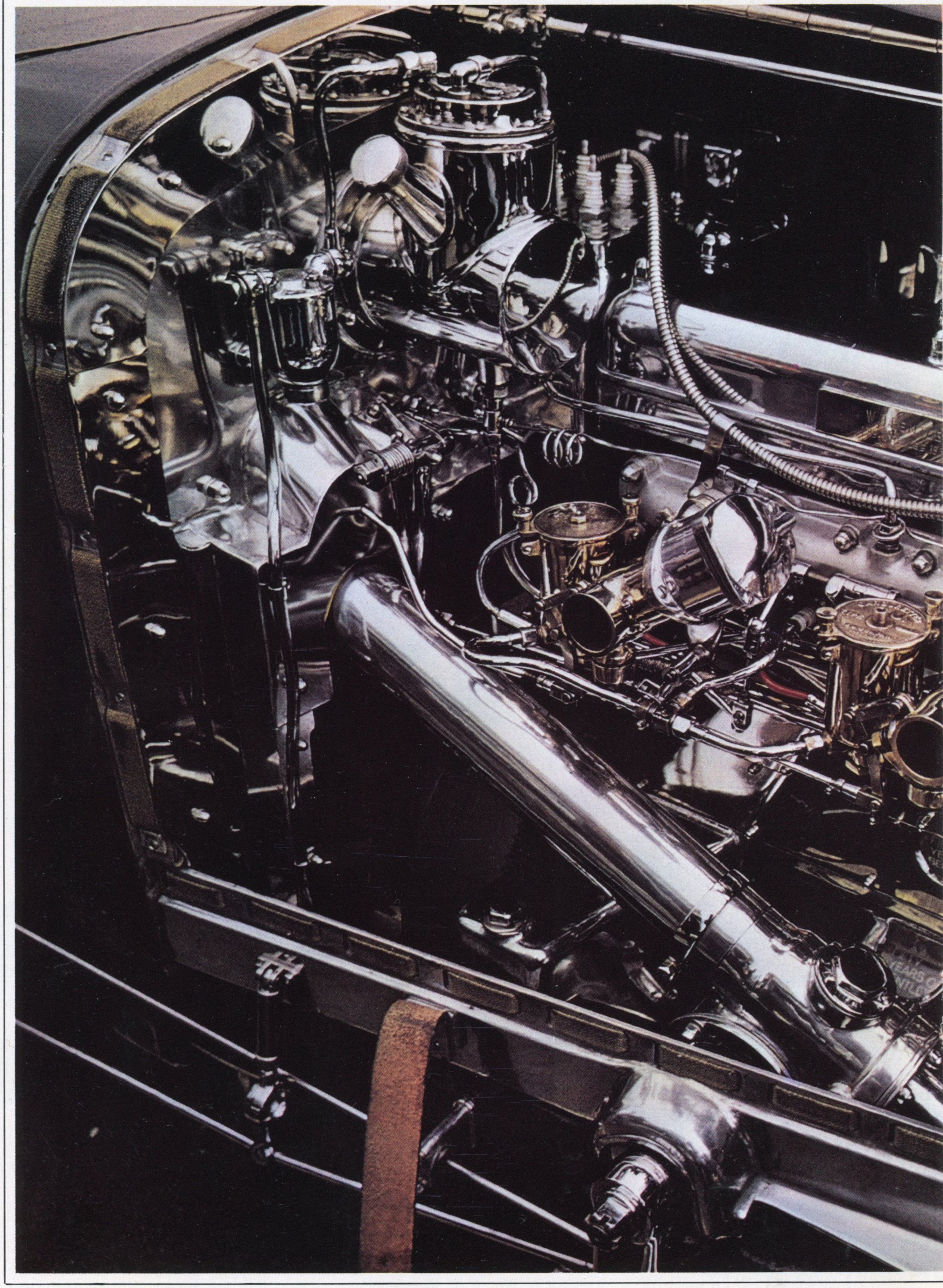


Conjure Penny Mallett. See her as we have seen her. Once having seen her could you ever entirely forget her? She was the Bournemouth beauty queen who made world headlines after falling out with the councillor who had taken her under his wing. Now 19-year-old Penny brings the grace of her 38–23–37 to Mayfair for your appraisal. What man, after studying these pages could help but feel some affinity with the councillor who played for her heart and lost, later ruefully declaring that Penelope Jane Mallett was 'the most elegant and cultured girl I have ever met'? Small wonder the councillor spent most of a Canary Islands cruise with his archetypal super-girl, parrying the advances of would-be suitors. But even prior to the councillor's interest, Penny's blonde good looks had earned her the title Miss Travel, and she was cruising the Mediterranean with her equally blonde mother causing a stir among the hot-blooded Latins. In Venice, her mother recalls, three days of chaperoning Penny among the enthusiastic bottom pinchers was enough. Later, as Miss Poole, when the councillor was grooming her for further stardom, he offered her a car and clothes and let her buy lingerie on his shopping account. Other men, perhaps, would

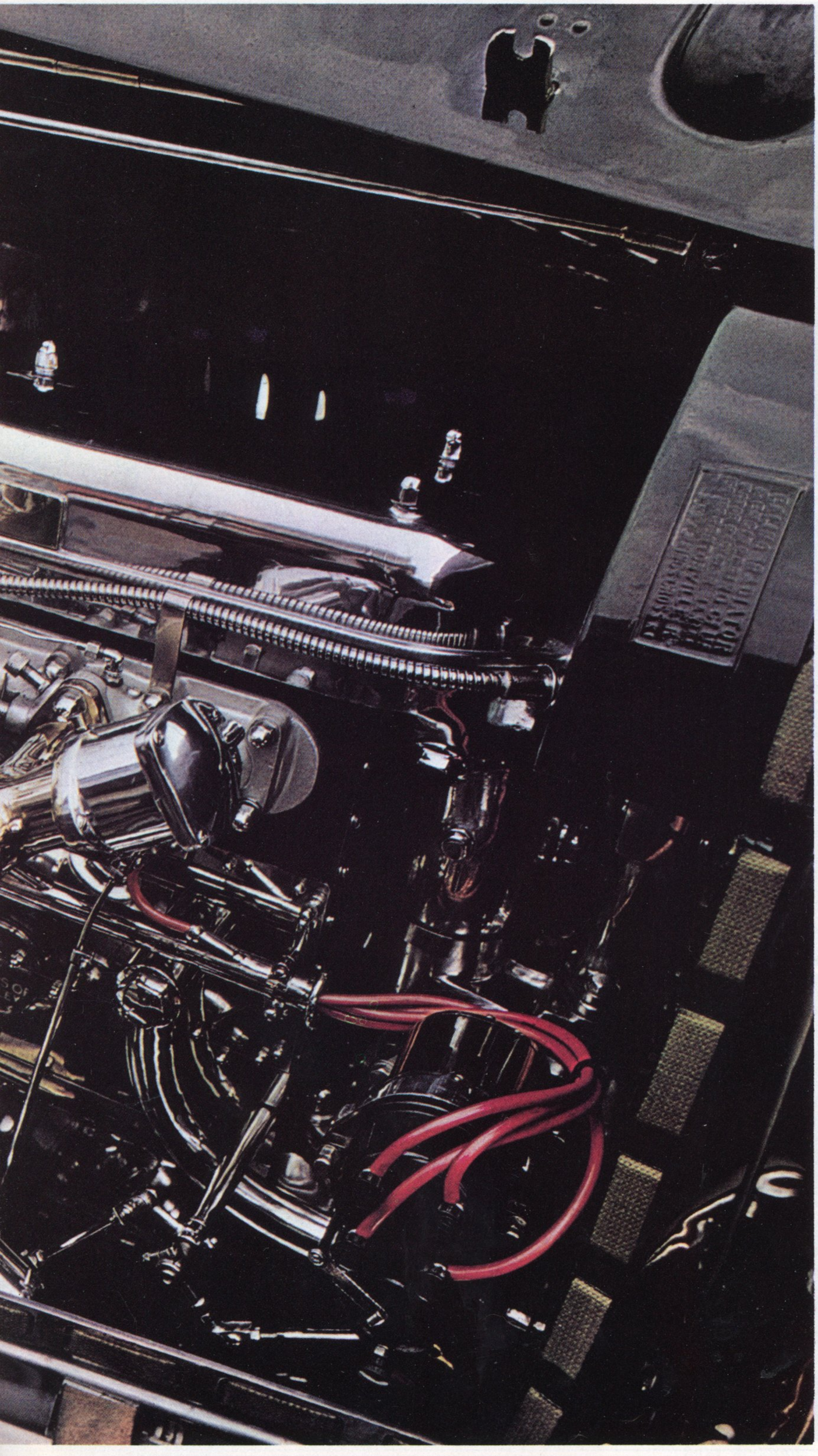
happily give their all for the pleasure of buying Penny a pair of panties. She is immaculately long-legged at your side, composed and unruffled by the obvious envy of other men who turn to stare at her. Now after shedding her Miss Poole crown and the mantle of Bournemouth's most outstanding beauty queen, Penny is content to remain in Bournemouth, sharing a flat with Suzy, her spaniel. She travels frequently up to London for fashion modelling assignments, always on the lookout for a place in films or the theatre. Wandering cool and slightly aloof down the Strand, calling at agencies, she may seem unapproachable. But what better way for a magazine like Mayfair to use influence and persuasion to get Penny into pictures in a way the world has never seen her before?

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / PENNY MALLETT

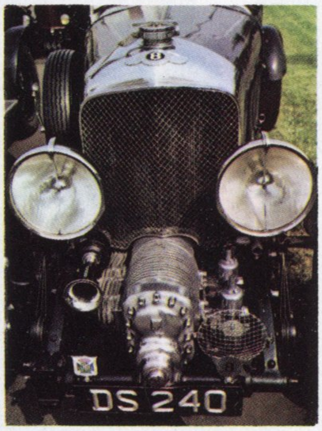
TH / PENNY MALLETT



PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL HARDY



BENTLEY
the all-moving science museum



Mayfair motor expert WB takes a personal look at the vintage machine and its cult

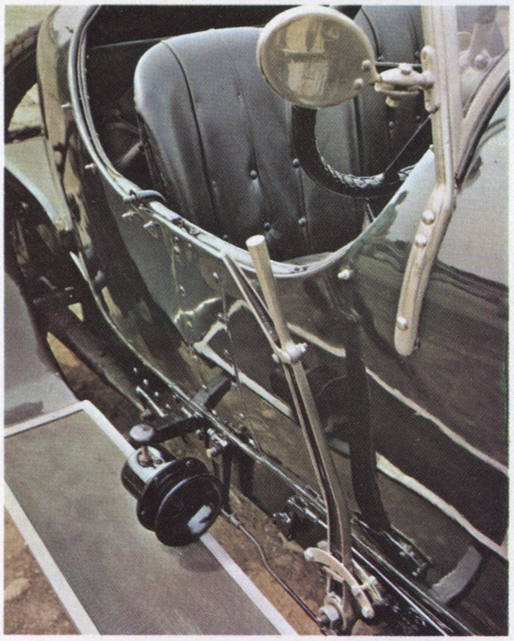
Even the most fanatical vintage car advocates no longer assert, as once they were inclined to, that their aged vehicles outpace, out-corner and generally make a mickey of the best of modern motors.

Automotive technology has long left behind the cars of forty and more years ago. Yet the nicer vintage specimens have many unique merits, a fact emphasised by their wide following, largely through the activities of the Vintage Sports Car Club.

These exclusive merits, so well exemplified in the older more thunderous Bentleys depicted on these pages, encompass accurate high-geared steering and man-sized controls. Often there is a signal-box-like brake lever outside, perhaps adjacent to a similar-sized gear lever (with no synchro-mesh to aid its passage through a visible gate), stiff leaf road-springs to promote roll-free quick cornering and the sort of axle ratio which enables a multi-litred engine to fire happily about once every telegraph pole.

Ignoring such quips as Ettore

Left: a Bentley engine of the pre-Rolls era, with overhead camshaft prodding four valves per cylinder and dual carbs. Above: note the bulbous super charger on this 4½ litre model



Bugatti's claim that W. O. Bentley made the fastest *camions* on the roads, that only an ex-railway man could have conceived the vintage models and that Speed Sixes and battleships had much in common, it is a fact that these massive motors have outlasted lesser machinery.

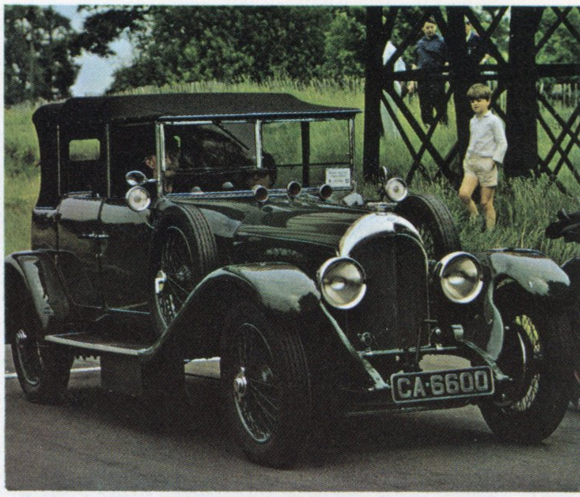
Driving these old cars is a rare pleasure – if you can swop their cogs, muscle them through fast bends and survive the blast of fresh air that whistles past an aero-screen as it approaches the ton. The true vintage sports car should scorn closed coachwork and spend its hours with hood furled.

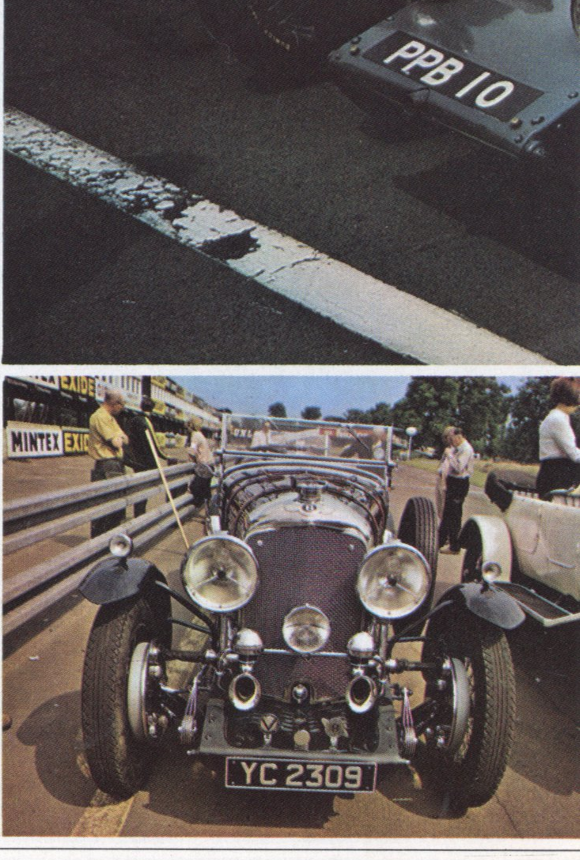
Different aspects of vintage motoring appeal to different people. For some the pleasure of the surroundings – leather seats, veneered instrument panel and a lofty commanding outlook. For others, it's the richness of an historical background, tracing the pedigree of a given make, finding out who the original owner of one's car was – perhaps a Motor Show model bought by royalty or some titled enthusiast. Or it can be the satisfaction of projecting oneself back into the old motoring days.

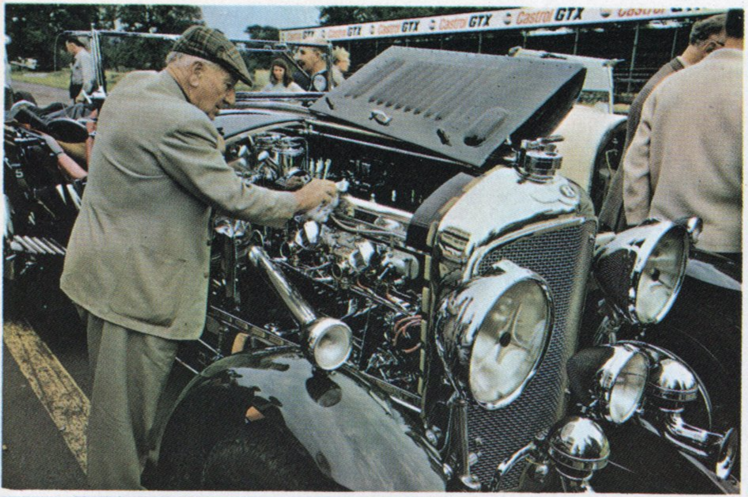
A surprisingly large number of such cars – Bentleys especially – have survived, having been handed down by the first purchaser to members of his family or found rotting in some barn or under a hedgerow, then to be painstakingly rebuilt.

To enthusiasts a real Bentley, like a diamond, is for ever.

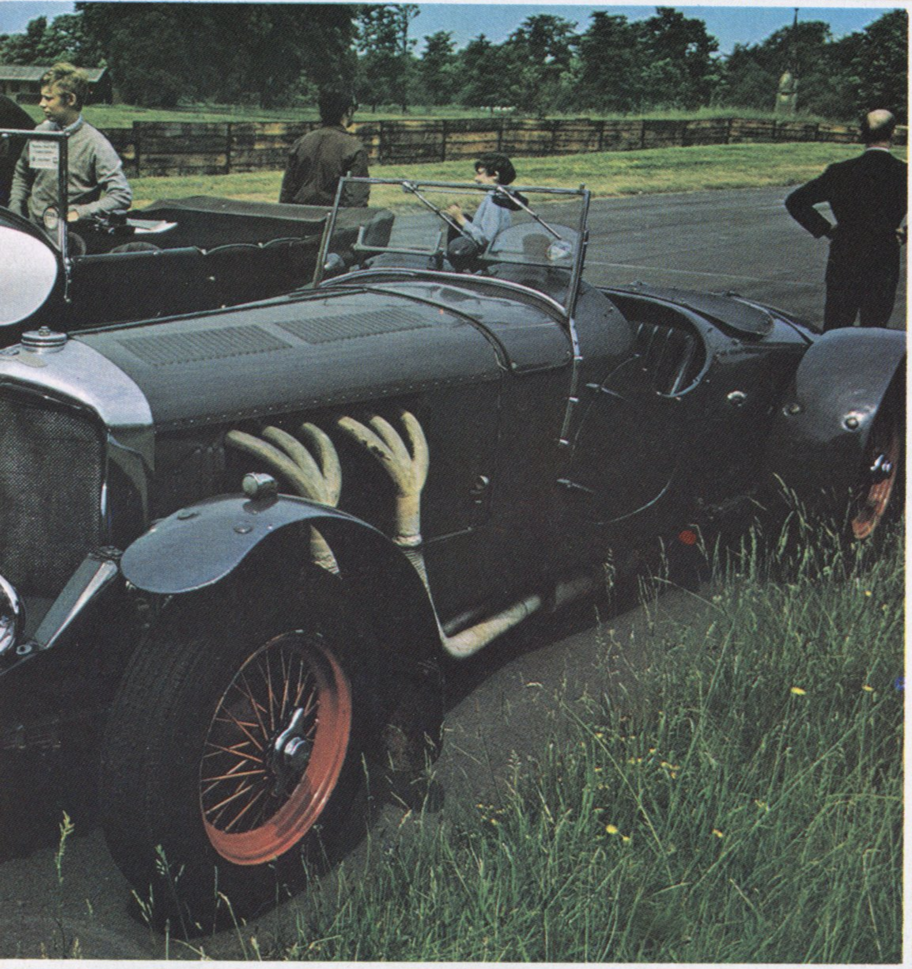
The vintage Bentley mystique revealed: the blower 4½ (top left) broke the Brooklands lap record at 138 mph. Some models are refurbished originally and others are rather 'bulled up'. The external hand brake and klaxon (centre left) are quite permissible; so are vast headlamps (bottom left). Multiple lamps and horns (bottom near right) are to be expected but the twin bunch-of-bananas exhausts (centre right) are all wrong. Bodies come all-weather style (top near right) or in two-seater style (bottom far right). Carburation, by the way, was by 'sloper' SU (far right, second from bottom), accessible by the side-opening bonnet (centre top right). Finally, the Beautiful Bentley Contest (bottom centre right)

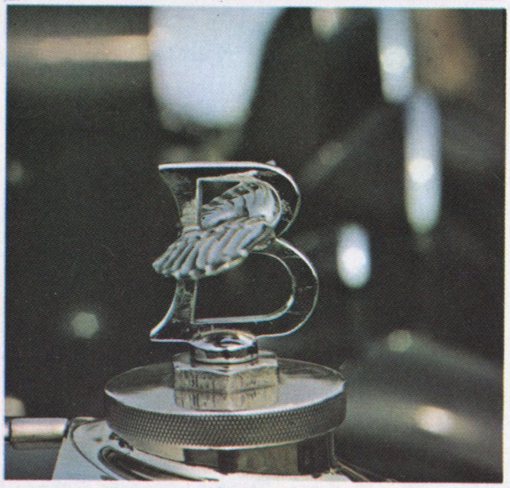


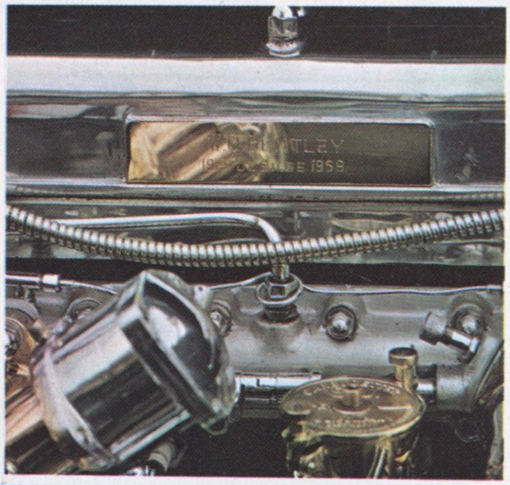



Castrol GTX

Motor
Castrol GTX

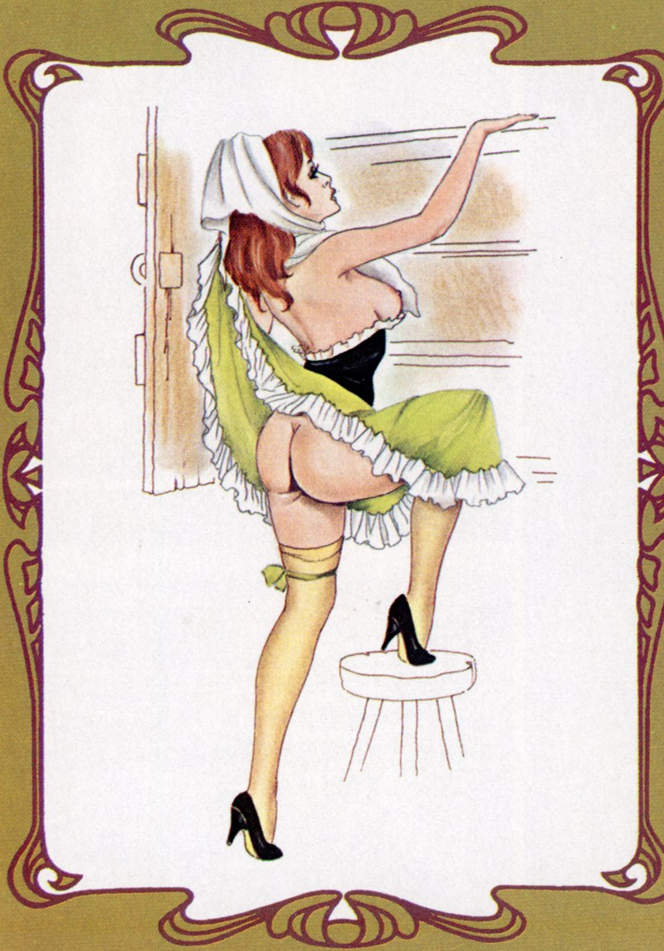


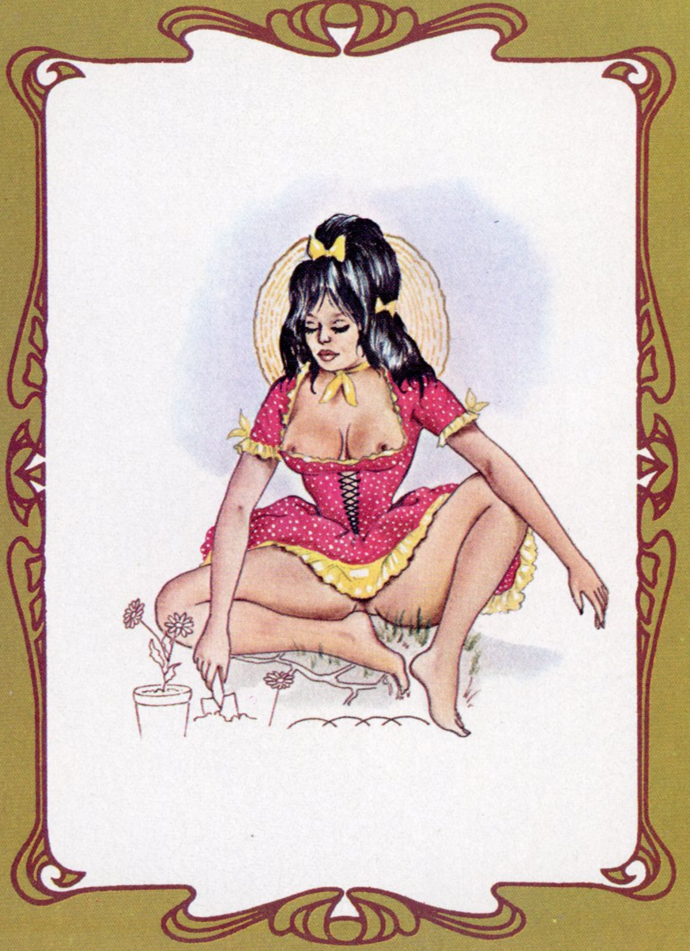




EXIDE
MINTEX
DAILY EXPRESS
SUNDAY EXPRESS
MD 9758

LITTLE BOY BLUER
...and other precautionary tales





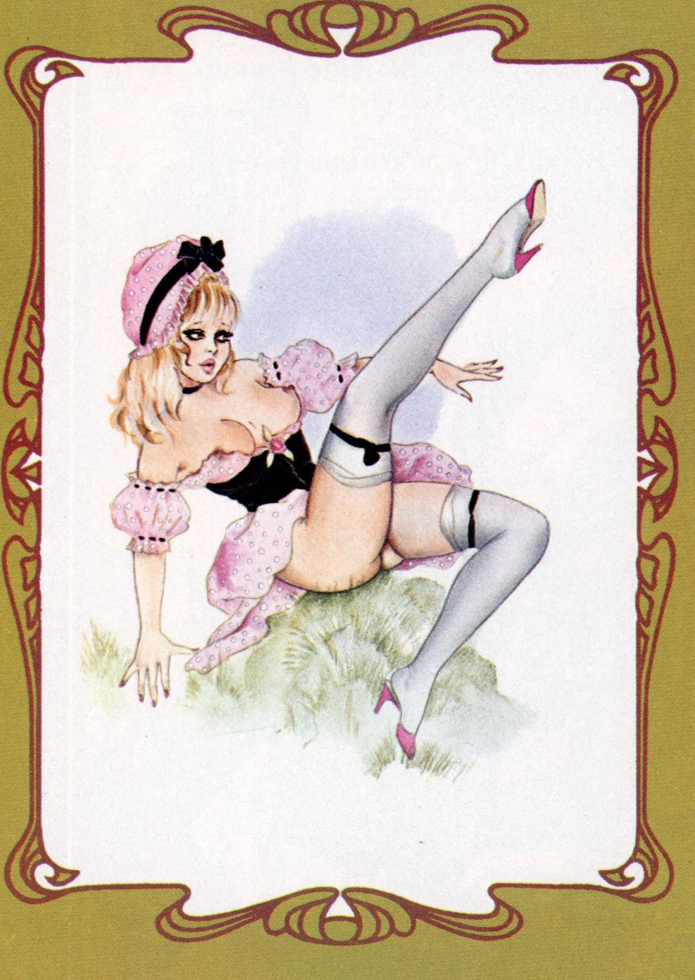
Young Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
Her husband was feeling quite randy.
When she stood on a chair
Her bottom was bare,
So he had her behind – it was handy.

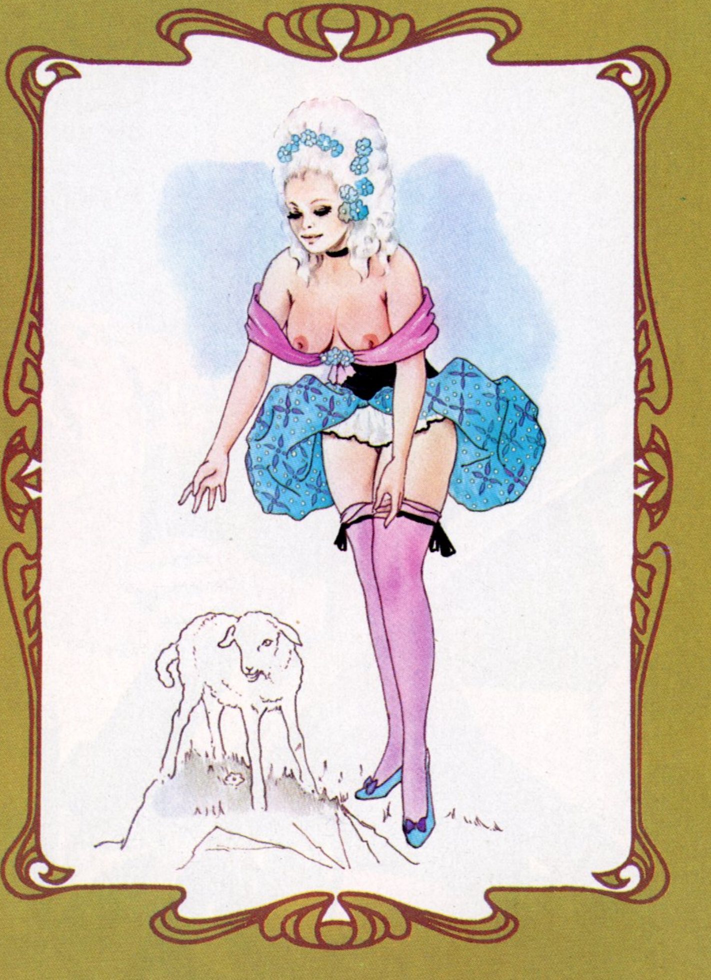
'Jack,' said Jill, 'I'll get the Pill,
I think we'd better oughter.'
But Jack, the clown, would not come down
And now they've got a daughter.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your sex shop do?
'Oh, terribly well, with my little bell
That goes ding-a-ling when you screw.'

Little Boy Bluer, come show us some porn,
Girls in suspenders their panties all torn.
Oh, where is the boy with those films so rude?
Rehearsing his part, with three girls in the nude.

Sexual honesty is the name of the game today, so we asked Ronald Cobb to update our nursery rhymes





Little Miss Muffet couldn't get enough of it,
Enjoying it thrice every day.
So even the spider who sat down beside her
Found it easy to have her away.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
His hands on a nurse's young thighs.
When he pulled out his thumb
It was swollen and numb.
In future he's sticking to pies.

Little Bo Peep had sold herself cheap
And most of the shepherds had laid her.
She swore to three vicars
She'd kept on her knickers,
But the grass on her bottom betrayed her.

Ride a cock horse to Banbury camp,
Even a virgin feels fruity and damp.
Rubbed on the pommel, tugged on the rein,
Ahhhhhhhh, she's having orgasms again!

THE DRAM BOOSTERS

Men like these were the first to send the flood of whisky flowing round a very willing world. Today it is Britain's most spectacularly successful export

An appreciation of Scotch by Angus McCormack

The flavours in it are insinuating and remote: of mountain torrents and scanty soil on moorland rocks with, in each glass, a rare shaft of sun.

Scotch whisky's delights are savoured in increasingly great quantities the world over. Last year over 72 million gallons were imbibed. Next year? Still more.

Whisky hasn't always been an international taste, though. For most of the spirit's history it has been confined to the Highlands of Scotland.

Most experts are agreed that monks were

K
DUTY FREE ... EHOUSE
Nº 5
CARDOW DISTILLERY
K
STRATHSPEY
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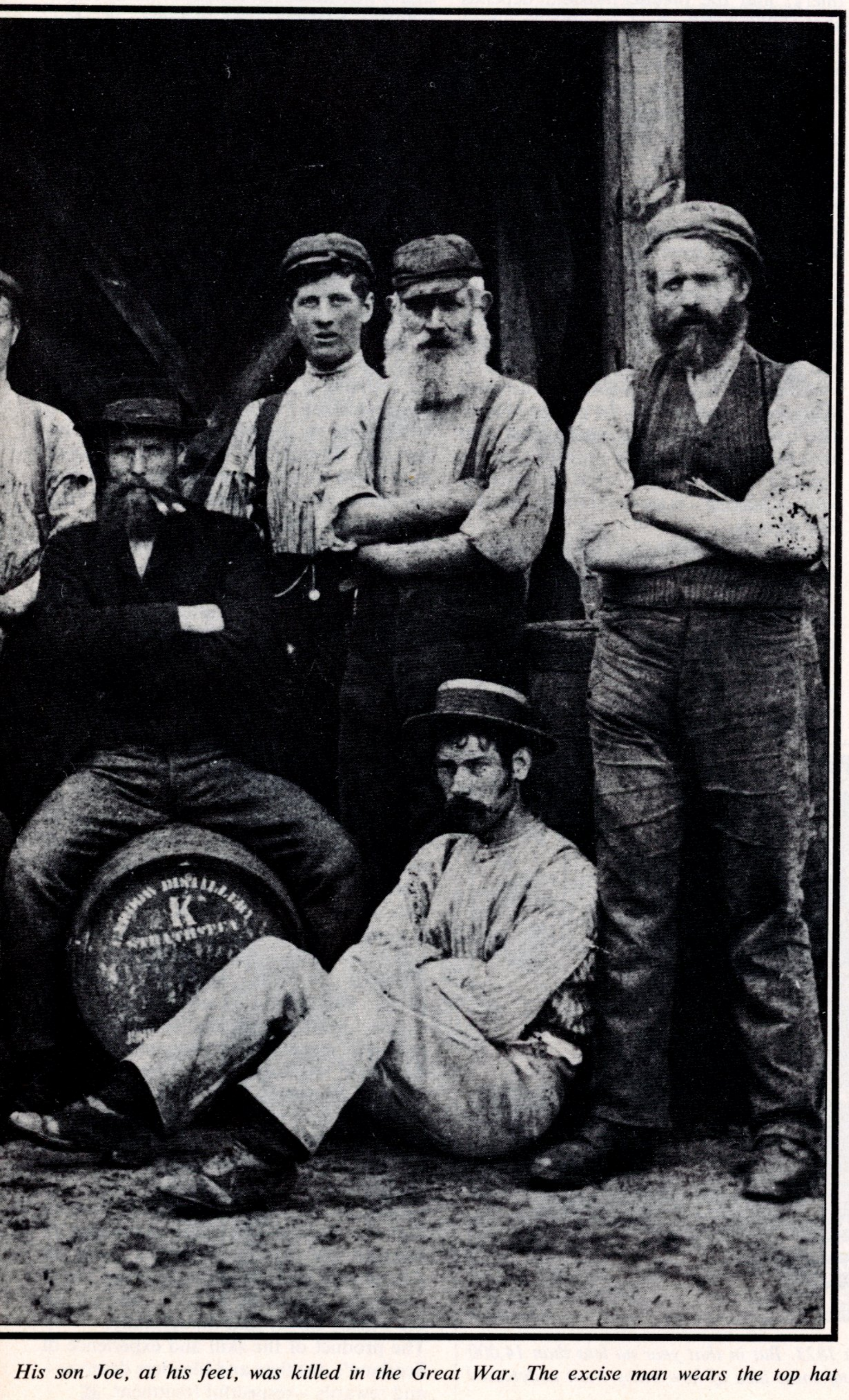
The proud staff of Johnnie Walker's Cardow distillery, Morayshire, in 1902. Centre, holding his jug of office, is brewer Jimmy Gordon.

probably the first to distil whisky; and Highland farmers' wives were quick to catch on – distilling it to warm their menfolk during the cold winter months. Distilling has existed in Scotland for centuries and it's now very much part of the Scottish way of life.

Over the years the process hasn't changed much. There can be few industries that altered so little their basic process as a result of the Industrial Revolution – certainly none that now has such a high annual turnover. The Scotch being drunk all over the world at this moment still has its origin in remote little distilleries dotted among Highland glens, many of them little more than two or three small buildings strung together, with maybe a chimney.

One director of an international whisky company told me a story which nicely illustrates the natural conservatism still very much part of the craft of whisky making. 'One day they were hauling the barley up into this little distillery when the rope broke. One man said, "Why don't we use a chain?" They sacked that man. The barley had always been hauled by rope, so it always would be.'



His son Joe, at his feet, was killed in the Great War. The excise man wears the top hat

What exactly is Scotch? Only the foolhardy would expect to come up with the definitive answer. The whisky makers guard their secrets jealously – and justly so. The spirit itself is, if anything, yet more stubborn; its secrets will never be fully penetrated. My hope is merely to get nearer the heart of the mystery.

The word 'whisky' derives originally from the Gaelic *uisge beatha* or *usquebaugh*, meaning 'water of life'. Though it hasn't always been so, these days the word 'whiskey,' spelt with an 'e,' is usually used only in relation to Irish or American-made whisky.

In all, there are about a hundred whisky distilleries in Scotland; most of them are in the valley of the River Spey, in the counties of Nairn, Moray and Banff. Here the essential ingredients of whisky distilling – the water, the peat and generations of experience – are to be found at their best. The process itself varies little. Yet whiskies from two distilleries little more than yards apart can – and often do – have markedly differing flavours. The precise reason is again shrouded in mystery; though certainly a major factor is the varying size and shape of the stills. Wordsworth might almost have been writing about whisky when he wrote: 'There is a dark inscrutable workmanship that reconciles discordant elements, makes them cling together in one society.'

Whisky really falls into two basic categories – *malt* whisky and *grain* whisky. Most Scottish distilleries make malt whisky with the traditional pot still – a large copper retort with a broad, rounded bottom and a tapering neck – but a dozen or so make grain whisky with the patent still process developed in 1831 by a certain Aeneas Coffey.

Grain whisky is lighter in flavour and body than the malt variety, mainly because of the proportion of unmalted grain used in the process. The making of malt whisky involves the use of only malted barley and the process takes place in four main stages: malting, mashing, fermentation and, finally, distillation. I went to Johnnie Walker's Cardow Distillery in Morayshire, on the north side of the Spey, to see the process for myself.

First the barley is cleaned to remove all dust and extraneous matter. Then it's mechanically conveyed to 'steeps,' where it's soaked in pure stream water long enough to soften each grain thoroughly.

Each barley grain can be compared to a paper-wrapped sweet: when soaked the paper softens and releases sugar. A similar process occurs when barley is soaked. It is then spread on the malting floor, where it begins to germinate. It's continually turned, to control the temperature at which germination takes place; and in some distilleries the process is still done by hand. Germination changes the barley – a starch – into maltose, a readily soluble sugar, which eventually produces alcohol.

Don't be confused by a word like 'malt'. Forget that thick treacly stuff you were fed as a child. Green malt, as it is now known, still in fact looks like the original barley grains – a pale straw colour.

After eight to twelve days this green malt is passed to the kiln for drying over a peat fire. The peat smoke imparts its characteristic flavour and aroma to the barley, which later passes to the end product.

From the kiln the dried malt passes to a mill where it is crushed into 'grist.' This grist is then mixed with hot water and fed into a large circular vessel called a 'mash tun.' Here it is thoroughly stirred with a succession of waters of different temperatures, each mixture being left to infuse.

In this way the sugar in the malt is extracted and the liquid, now known as 'wort,' is run off through perforated plates at the bottom of the tun. The husks of spent grain, called 'draff,' are used as cattle food.

The wort is then cooled and pumped through fermenting vessels or 'wash backs,' where a small quantity of yeast is added to hasten fermentation. Two or three days later the sugar in the liquid has been converted into alcohol. Once this process is finished, the liquid, now known as 'wash,' is ready to be distilled.

Here, as throughout the blending process, the unique aroma of whisky pervades the atmosphere. At Cardow, the distillery cats have a tendency to amble up to visitors and lean lazily against the nearest available leg. It has been suggested they may be permanently sozzled on the mere smell of Scotch; though distillery manager George Craig fervently denies any such suggestion.

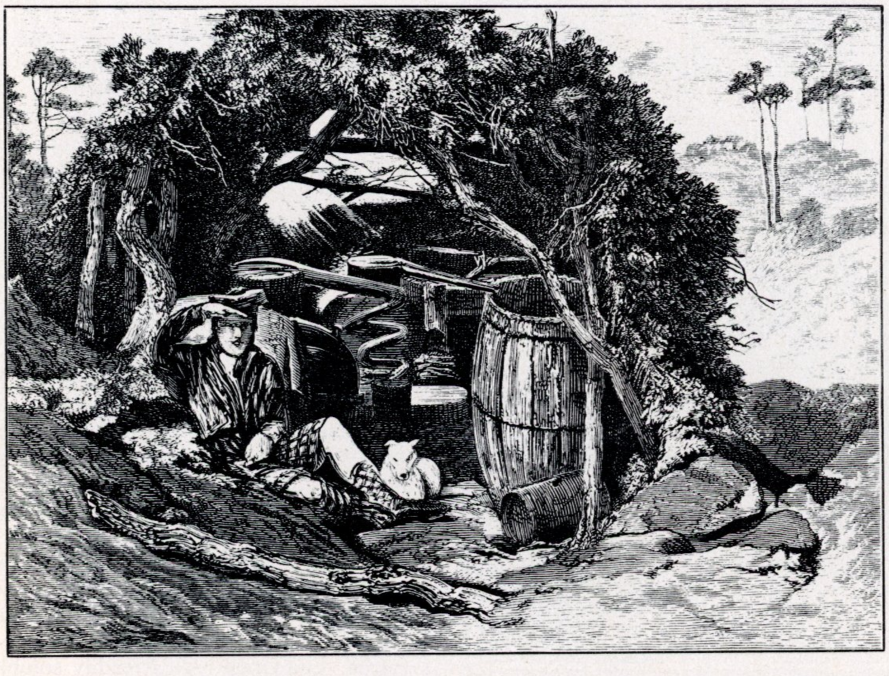
All still houses contain one or more pairs of copper stills, one of which is known as the wash still and the other the spirit still. The wash is first pumped to the wash charger, a sort of storage tank, and then run into the wash still to be heated. As the heat intensifies, the spirit comes off as vapour, condenses in a copper pipe kept cold by stream water, and runs through the spirit safe to a collecting vessel.

The spirit safe is, in a sense, the control centre of the whole operation. It looks rather like a large brass box or trunk with glass sides. A handle on the outside of the safe can deflect the acceptable whisky to the spirit receiver. What is unacceptable – foreshots and feints, as they are called – is run into a low wines and feints receiver for redistilling. When the stillman turns the tap very largely determines the true quality of the whisky produced by any single distillery; and the precise moment depends above all on judgement, something which is passed on from father to son.

The middle part of the run of the second distillation is the finest spirit and this, after reduction with water, is run into casks, to be later consumed as whisky. The casks are stored in one of the bonded warehouses adjoining the distillery, for up to twelve years. By law, only spirit at least three years old can be described as whisky.

When it comes from the still, the spirit is a colourless liquid, rough to the palate. Only oak casks are used for storage – usually casks which formerly held sherry. Forget, in this context, the old adage about grape and grain not mixing. It is the sherry, soaking back from the wood into the spirit that gives Scotch whisky its golden colour. The oak used in whisky casks must also have the proper degree of porosity; for the porosity – enabling the spirit to 'breathe' without leaking – is essential to the maturation process.

There is a popular belief that the longer a whisky is matured the stronger it will emerge, but this is quite wrong. Not only is there a gradual loss of strength during maturation; there is also a loss of volume. The greater the humidity in the warehouse where the casks lie, the more a whisky loses strength; the drier it is, the more it loses volume. It has been calculated that about four million gallons of Scotch, amazingly, are lost each year through absorption and evaporation.



Illicit whisky making was finally outlawed in 1823. But in that year no less than 14,000 illicit stills were discovered in Scotland, giving some idea of how many went undetected

These days world demand is overwhelmingly in favour of blends of malt and grain whisky. Johnnie Walker, for example, is a blend of both malt and grain whiskies from over forty different distilleries. Only in this way can sufficient whisky of consistent quality and flavour be produced to meet demand.

Straight malt whisky has a strong flavour and is well suited to the taste of hardy Highlanders working out-of-doors in raw climates. Other climates, other ways of life, demand a milder whisky: hence the blends.

Blending is an extremely subtle art acquired only after long years of experience. At Johnnie Walker's vast blending hall in Kilmarnock samples from each cask, from all the different distilleries, are first 'nosed' or sniffed by a blender who assesses their quality and degree of maturation. Blenders never, of course, taste the samples; to do so would impair their ability to distinguish one from another.

A smooth and mellow whisky, with a subtle complex of flavours, can be produced only by blending a large number of malt and grain whiskies. The secret of a well-blended whisky lies in the art of bringing the individual flavours of many long-matured malt whiskies into harmony, and in deciding on the correct proportion between malt whiskies and grain whiskies.

Once Walker's blender has decided the whiskies are ready to be added to the blend, the lines of casks are disgorged into a huge 42,000 gallon receiver vat to be mixed. The resultant blend is then put back into oak casks and allowed to 'marry' for six months or more.

Finally, the whisky is bottled, labelled, packed and despatched ready for sale.

Once you have your Scotch in front of you how do you test its quality? In much the same manner as a fine wine.

First, pour a little of the whisky into a glass. Warm the edge slightly with the hand, rocking the glass a little to aid evaporation and so hasten the release of the bouquet. This done, sniff the bouquet.

It should be mellow yet potent, without the sharpness of raw spirit. Now take a few judicious sips, rolling the whisky round the palate. The flavour should be gentle and elusive. A harsh thin flavour indicates an excessive proportion of grain whisky.

As I've explained, the characteristic 'Scotch' flavour is derived from a subtle blend of many malt and grain whiskies in correct proportions. It should appear early, develop fully and disappear rapidly upon swallowing.

Having performed this 'test,' bear in mind that the flavour will differ according to whether the whisky is drunk neat or diluted with plain water, soda water, ice or ginger ale. Above all, relax . . . and savour the whisky slowly and thoughtfully.

The product of the skill and experience of Scotland's distillers and blenders deserves – and rewards – respectful treatment.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner stories

The immaculate portly city gentleman staggered drunkenly towards a policeman late one evening, down a dimly lit street in one of the city's less salubrious backwaters.
'Occifer,' he cried, swaying back and forth on his feet, 'shomebody's shtolen my car. I remember it being right here on the end of my ignition key.'
'Yes, Sir,' said the constable, drawing out a notebook, 'but before we go any further don't you think you should zip up your trousers.'
'Oh heavens,' gurgled the drunk, looking down at his open fly, 'shomebody's shtolen my girlfriend too.'

After making various tests on a sample of her body fluid, the doctor broke the bad news to the unmarried girl.
'But I can't be pregnant, doctor,' she wailed. 'I've never ever been with a man in my life.'
'Never?'
'No. I've never allowed a man to touch my body at all.'
The doctor stood up, walked over to the window, and anxiously scanned the sky. The worried girl asked, 'What are you doing now?' Said the doctor, 'Last time this happened, three wise men appeared in the east and I'm certainly not going to miss it this time.'

The young man about town called on his accident prone friend after hearing he had been hit by some falling scaffolding.
'Hi, Joe,' he said, when his friend opened the door with his arm in a sling. 'What happened?'
'Don't call me Joe,' said the friend. 'Call me lucky Joe.'
'Why? You don't look lucky to me.'
'Lucky? I'm the luckiest man alive. If I'd been walking nine inches to the left the scaffolding would have hit me on the head.'
A week later the young man about town heard that his friend was in hospital after being involved in another accident.
'Hello Joe,' he said, coming to the fellow's bedside. 'What happened?'
'Don't call me Joe', said his friend. 'Call me lucky lucky Joe.'
'Why, man, what happened?'
'I was in bed with a young chick in her hotel bedroom when the chandelier came crashing down on my backside.'
'Well, what's lucky about that?'
'Ten seconds sooner and the damn thing would have broken my neck.'

After a spell of service in the Tropics the troops were lined up for an infection check-up.
Each man was stripped to the waist and, as the Medical Officer approached, one by one trousers were dropped and the MO had a quick look under arms and at private parts.
Being a thorough man, he lifted each organ with a pencil, then, when satisfied that all was well he passed on to the next man in line.
Coming upon one soldier who was exceedingly well endowed he smiled and said, 'My word, I bet that's been into a few nests.'
'That's true, sir,' replied the soldier. 'But it's the first time it's been on a ruddy perch.'

On the eve of her honeymoon the bride's mother advised her to feed the young groom with a dozen oysters to keep his strength up. 'How did you get on?' asked mother the next day. 'Not too well,' said the bride. 'Only nine of them worked.'

'Look,' said the young man to his recently acquired girlfriend, 'Why don't we go Dutch tonight. I'm a bit short of cash.'
'Why not?' came the husky-voiced reply. 'You pay for the food and drink – and the rest of the evening will be on me.'

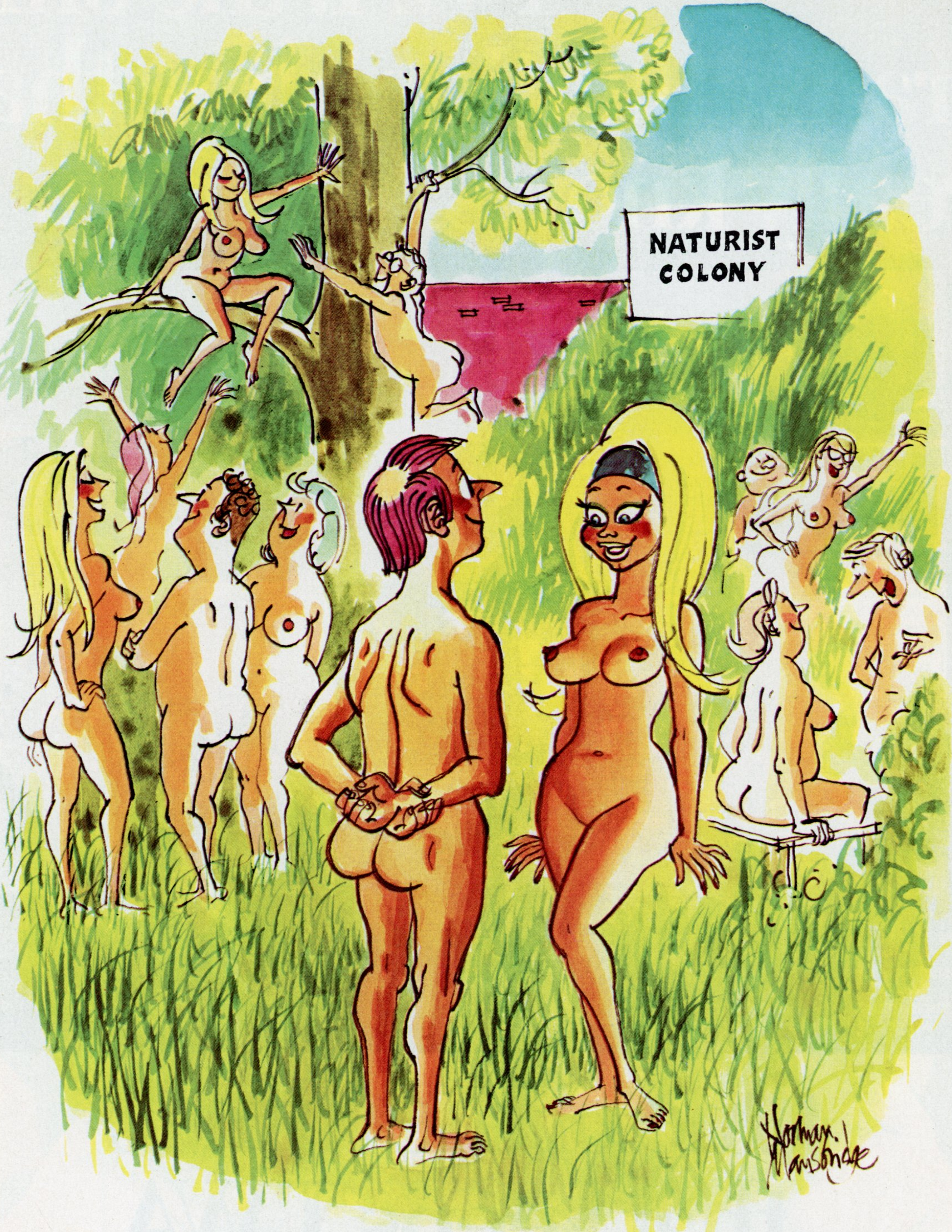
The very switched-on Kings Road dollybird was filling out an application form for an office job. One question which puzzled her simply asked, *Sex?* and was followed by two small boxes marked M and F. Finally she ticked the box marked F and, after pausing for a moment's thought, added a note underneath which read: I haven't masturbated since I was fifteen.'

The randy young diplomat was rapidly running out of excuses to allay the suspicions of his overly jealous wife. To prevent the necessity of explaining away any more late nights he decided to confine his amatory escapades to the daytime.
One afternoon he took his well built secretary back to her apartment where they made love several times. Exhausted he fell asleep, only waking at 3 am the following morning.
Thinking quickly he jumped from bed and telephoned his wife.
'Don't pay the ransom my dear,' he said, 'I've just escaped.'

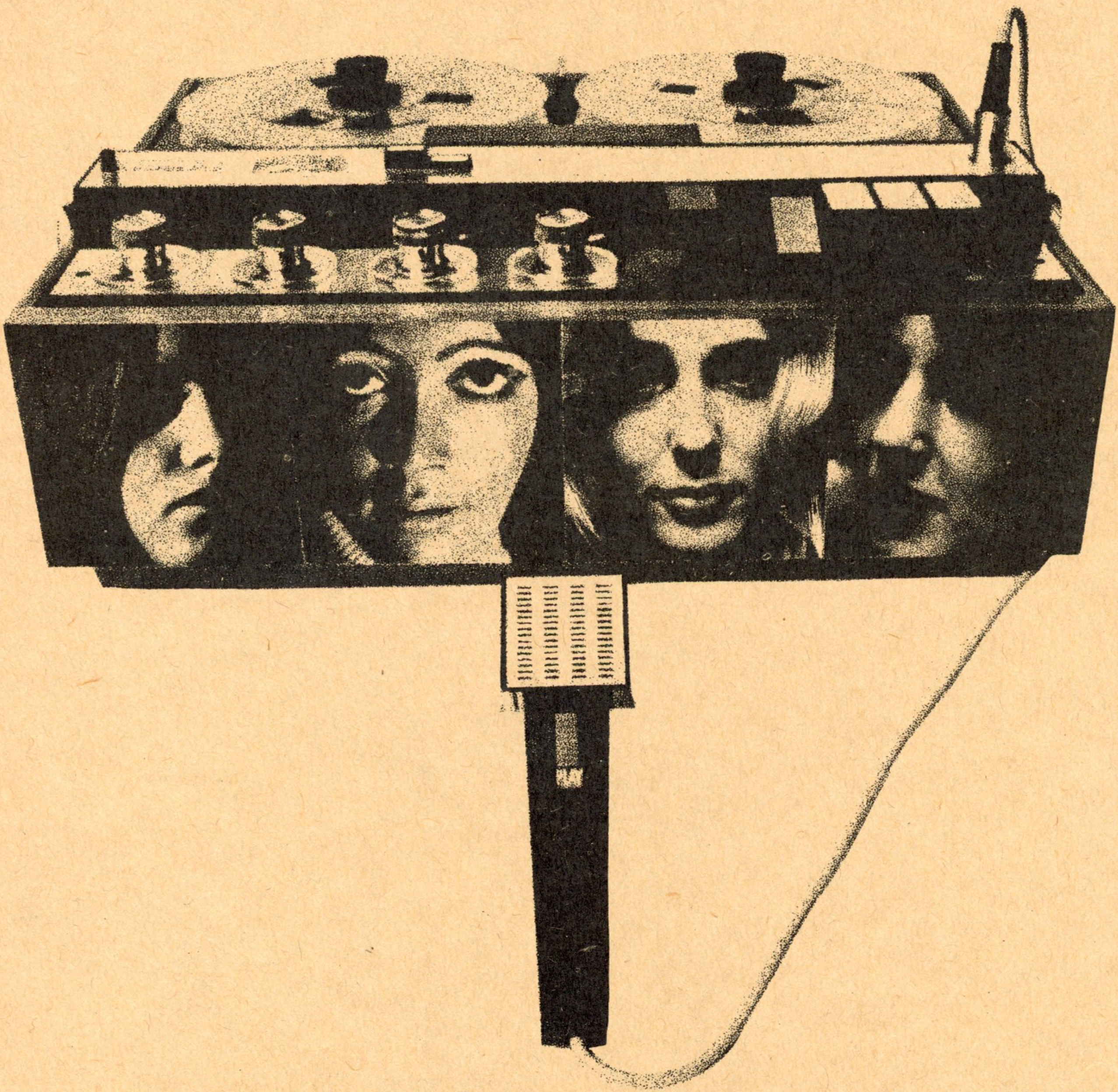
The jockey's wife found that their four growing children were becoming too unruly for her to handle alone, so she hired an au pair from the local agency. The evening the au pair arrived, the wife was called to the bedside of a sick relative. As she left, she told the au pair, a strapping German girl, to bath the children and put them to bed.
When the mother returned, the girl explained she only had trouble with one of the children, the fifth one.
'The fifth one!' exclaimed the mother.
'Yes,' said the au pair, 'that one with red hair. He struggle and shout and keep jumping out the bath but finally I subdue him.'
'With red hair?' shrieked the mother. 'Oh dear, that was my husband.'

I knew a young fellow named Blight
Whose sexual life wasn't right,
But his problem, it seems
Was resolved in his dreams,
As the solution appeared in the night.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.


NATURIST
COLONY
Norman Mansbridge

'To be honest, Mr Crichton, I hadn't noticed your bald patch'



Quest

The laboratory of human response
Volume Three

This is the fourth part in our survey of Girls on Holiday. This month we focus on camping which is growing in popularity all over Europe and is fast becoming a major feature of the leisure scene. The very nature of this activity is freedom and it is obvious that it gives ample opportunity for sexual encounters. In addition, camping is a cheap way of going on holiday and is therefore particularly attractive to the young. The final point of significance is that the camping holiday is often the first occasion on which young girls can get away, either on their own, or with minimum supervision. Quest reflects this in its sexual revelations

INTRODUCTION

The idea that our Quest survey should embrace the tented world of the camper came with a rumour. Two separate people told us of a camp site they had heard about where four girls lived permanently, in the most modern and roomy tents, and from this place of canvas splendour ran a lucrative holiday brothel. It was a fascinating story but like so many of this kind proved impossible to track down. The 'friend' had not in fact experienced it himself, it was 'a friend of his'. And so the trail led back and petered out. The tented pleasure house may exist, but we never found it. Our experience tells us that the most likely truth is a watered down version of the rumour. Probably some girls, permissive to the point of promiscuity, stayed for a period of time at a camp site. Possibly two different sets of boys who had enjoyed their favours met and compared notes. Thus the story may have been born. More significant to us is the idea that a camp site is fertile ground for sexual rumours. Why should this be?

We can suggest a number of reasons. Firstly, camp sites are congenial places. You meet and talk in basic and informal circumstances. It is difficult to be stand-offish when your sole privacy is a sheet of canvas. Secondly, there is a high proportion of young people at every camp site. Nubile girls in casual shirts and minimal shorts hardly lower the sexual temperature. Thirdly, camping for many young people represents their first holiday away from parental supervision, and therefore the opportunities for sexual adventuring may be greater. Finally, the bed is a primary sex site and when the camping bed, or sleeping bag, is accessible through a canvas door secured by tape. This compares most favourably, for the Casanova, with a holiday hotel, where doorman, reception, night porter, staff, and perhaps room-mates, all make the sexual assignation more difficult. In many ways when considering sex and camping one must see it as the fantasy tumble in the daisy meadow but with benefit of awnings.

Finally, there is one aspect of camping holidays and sex that we have left unexplored: The Guide Camp. Doubtless there are many Mayfair readers who cherish fond sexual memories of furtive fumbles with Girl Guides at camp. If such things go on, as well they may, then let us consider them adolescent explorations and as such, sacred. Quest is meant as a helpful insight into sexual behaviour between adults. We would not like it to read like another edition of the Little Red School Book.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Shop assistant, 18 years old, blonde, town of origin Falmouth**

This interviewee, a cheerful and attractive girl worked for a well-known chain store where she had worked since leaving school. She lived at home with her parents.

Quest: You were camping with your parents?

Assistant: That's right. I was going on holiday with my boyfriend but we broke it all off just before. So they said go with them. We went by car down to the French Riviera. We stopped all the time at these official French camping sites. They are extremely good. Running water and good loos. It does make a difference.

Quest: And it was at one of these camping sites that the incident happened that you said you would tell us about?

Assistant: Yes it did. It was where I met Pierre.

Quest: Pierre was French?

Assistant: No, Belgian.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Assistant: Well, we had arrived at this place at . . . It was a lovely evening and we began to put up our tents. Both Dad and Mum are keen campers and they have this marvellous tent that practically has a bathroom in it. When they knew I was going to join them Dad had borrowed this smaller tent from a friend. It was funny, really. I said I didn't need one, I could share with them. But Dad gave me funny looks and Mum blushed. I think it's sex. I think they have it a lot when they're on holiday. Can't blame them can you?

Quest: Not at all. So you had your own tent.

Assistant: Normally, you see, we all helped put up Dad and Mum's tent and then Dad would help me with mine. But this evening I was putting up mine, or at least sorting it out, when this lovely foreign voice said 'Can I help you?' It sent shivers down my spine. And when I looked up there was this lovely slim dark boy standing there. Looking at me with this smile. I felt my legs wobble. This was Pierre. He told me he helped out at the camp site. Anyway he helped me put up the tent and the way he was looking at me it was as if he wanted to eat me. Anyway, Dad and Mum said hello and he was really polite. He sort of clicked his heels and bowed to father and then smiled at Mum and kissed her hand. I thought only Germans did that. Mum was thrilled with him, too, I could see. Anyway, Mum asked him if he would like to join us for supper and he said he would but he would have to leave just after as he had some jobs he had to do. We all had this jolly sort of supper and we drank quite a lot of wine and it was, you know, very nice. I think Mum and Dad thought it was helping me get over Clive. They could see this boy was taken with me.

Quest: But after supper he left?

Assistant: Yes. He kissed Mum's hand again and she giggled all coyly. I think she'd been drinking a bit. And then Dad put his hand on Mum's bottom and I thought 'aye aye'. He always does that when he fancies a bit. He doesn't know, I know. It's Mum that gives it away. She always blushes. Anyway, I thought, they'll be at it tonight. I forgot about it then, but later when I was in bed I began to think about it. I couldn't hear anything or anything but I just thought that older people sometimes have all the fun. Not that I wanted to make love or anything but I would have liked to feel I could have done if I had wanted. And then there came this little whisper, I almost died, saying 'Allo, it's me.'

Quest: And it was Pierre?

Assistant: Who else? He poked his head in the tent and he was grinning. I didn't know what to say. As it happened I didn't have to say anything. He undid the tapes of the tent and came crawling in. I was in this sleeping bag and he just lay beside me and said 'I have come back to see how you are.' It sounded silly and I laughed. Then he put his finger very gently on my lips to make me keep quiet.

Quest: Then what happened?

Assistant: He lay down beside me on the sleeping bag, on the outside of course. He sort of propped himself up on one elbow and just sort of looked at me. He ran a finger down over my nose and then he bent forward and kissed me very gently. I don't know quite what happened then but suddenly we were kissing and he was being very passionate. There was this zip down the side of the sleeping bag and he unzipped it and slipped in.

Quest: Did you object?

Assistant: I didn't have much chance. No, not really. It was rather nice to have a bit of a cuddle.

Quest: But it went further than that?

Assistant: I was wearing these pyjamas and he was kissing me and then Pierre slipped his hand in and, you know, cuddled my breasts. I've got quite small breasts but Pierre was so nice about them. He said they were like little kittens. I don't know what he meant actually but it sounded nice at the time. Before I knew what was happening he had undone all the buttons down the front of my pyjamas and was kissing my nipples and nibbling them and making them stand up. I didn't really intend him to go any further.

Quest: But he did?

Assistant: He suddenly sort of pulled the string of my pyjamas. It was playful really and I said 'Be careful,' or something.

Quest: Why 'Be careful'?

Assistant: I don't know. I suppose I meant he was going a bit far. After all I'd only just met him. Anyway it didn't make any difference to Pierre. He sort of wriggled a hand into my pyjamas and was tickling me.

Quest: Tickling you?

Assistant: He was at first. But then he began to work me up with his finger. We had a real session. I thought 'we're all at it now' thinking of Mum and Dad. I think I would have stopped there. . . .

Quest: But you didn't?

Assistant: Pierre had got my trousers off my bottom and I was squirming a bit and then he put my hand on his trousers. I could feel he was very stiff and then he gently got my finger and thumb and made me pull down his zip. His thing jumped out.

Quest: His thing?

Assistant: You make me feel terrible. You know what I mean. His penis. It was very big.

Quest: You felt it?

Assistant: I suppose I did quite naturally. I began to rub it and Pierre started making moaning noises. I don't know, it gave me a great feeling of power.

Quest: In what way?

Assistant: It just did. I suppose because when I first saw him he was so confident and you expected him to have lots of girls and here he was moaning in my hand. You make me blush.

Quest: Please go on, you're being most truthful and this is so helpful.

Assistant: Well, Pierre rolled me over onto my back and said we must make love. I was a bit scared and said no. He hadn't any protections. Then he fumbled around and had these contraceptives, so I couldn't very well say no, could I?

Quest: So you had sex together?

Assistant: It was super, the best ever.

Quest: You'd had sex before?

Assistant: Clive and I had had it several times. But he was always very rough and a bit strange. He was very tense, somehow.

Quest: And Pierre wasn't?

Assistant: No, he was very gentle. But he made a lot of noise. You know, sighing and moaning. I didn't have an orgasm but he was very good. Afterwards he stroked me with his hand until I had one too. It was very sexy he was sort of looking me in the face when he was doing it. I was sort of shuddering. Do I sound like a tart?

Quest: Not at all. Some say tarts rarely have orgasms.

Assistant: And then afterwards there was this funny thing. Just after it had all happened I thought I saw something blue at the tent door. I remembered Dad had this blue dressing gown and I was a bit scared because I knew he sometimes got up to the toilet in the night. Anyway nothing happened. But at the end of the holiday my mother began to talk about contraceptives. She was very embarrassed. Dear old Mum. But she said she didn't think sex before marriage was a good thing, especially with someone I hardly knew, but if I ever felt that I ought to I owed it to myself not to get pregnant. All the time she was speaking I was thinking of Pierre.

Quest: And did you see Pierre again?

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Assistant: Chance would be a fine thing. On the way back we were thinking of staying at the same place but Dad said we could make it a bit further that day. I'm sure he knew what happened but he never said anything.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Teacher, 25 years old, brunette, town of origin Swansea**

This interviewee, an elegant girl with a good figure, went from grammar school to teacher training college. She had two teaching jobs before her present post with a large girls school. She lived in lodgings in the town where the school was situated. She had been engaged to a student but this had ended some eighteen months before.

Quest: I feel this interview may be a difficult one. I hope you will be as co-operative as possible.

Teacher: I shall be, provided you keep your part of the bargain.

Quest: Would you care to state, for the record, what you consider our side of the bargain to be.

Teacher: If you insist. You are not to query the circumstances or seek details of the organisation involved. What I did, I did, and am not ashamed of it. But I do not, repeat do not, want any of the organisations concerned involved in any way.

Quest: Why are you willing to talk at all?

Teacher: Because I know you personally and you have challenged me, I suppose.

Quest: Is that the main reason?

Teacher: The main reason is that a lot of unmarried women teachers are wrongly thought of as dried up spinsters. We are not. We may have a sense of responsibility but we do have sexual feeling and sometimes these come uppermost. . . .

Quest: I am going to do an unusual thing here. I am going to play back the tape so far. I am wondering if you are giving the right impression. You are both young and attractive and I feel you may be coming over a little belligerently. Listen. . . .

(At this point the tape was replayed.)

Teacher: Good gosh, I do sound an old frump. What do I have to do now. Talk about orgasms and the boys who have tried to get in my pants. . . .

Quest: That's better. I feel we are breaking the ice. Just briefly tell me the circumstances that led up to the instance you agreed to talk about.

Teacher: Not much to tell really. I teach Geography and English at this girls' school in you-know-where. At first we were having a school camp and then the plans fell through but by that time I had made a sort of promise to the girls in the Schools Something Society. Sorry to be so mysterious. So in the end I said I would take these 15 girls to camp. A student teacher who had been spending a couple of months at the school was coming, too, to help with the organisation. It all went very smoothly. The camping gear had been delivered to the farm about a week before and we all went down by train. The farmer had his men help us put up the tents and that was that.

Quest: Was there any friendliness or more between the farm hands and the girls?

Teacher: Nothing that developed. But now you raise the point, they were obviously attracted to the girls. There was a lot of banter and meaningful looks but I don't think anything developed.

Quest: But you, I think, had some thoughts. You remember that is how we first began to talk.

Teacher: Yes, I don't think they were significant. It was just that seeing these girls running about free and happy, and I suppose skimpily dressed, I had some sort of sensual thoughts. Not towards them, let me hasten to add, just the pleasures of running through the meadows. Plunging naked into the stream. Untrammelled by clothing. You must think me mad or drunk or something . . .

Quest: Don't be silly, you know I don't think that.

Teacher: I'm just trying to be honest. The influence, I suppose, of surroundings on a susceptible mind.

Quest: But something more than surroundings had a bearing on the situation, did it not?

Teacher: Indeed. One John Trevor, the Art master [name and position have been changed]. Across the field as bold as brass. No one was further from my mind.

Quest: Was there any reason why he should have been in your mind?

Teacher: Not really. I tried to examine my thoughts later. It was just that at our school there are few male teachers. Very few. And John was rather more personable than most male teachers. And young of course. Same age as myself, as a matter of fact.

Quest: Were you attracted to him?

Teacher: I think a little, yes. I had imagined him asking me out, for instance. But he never had.

Quest: And what happened on this occasion?

Teacher: He said he was motoring in this area and thought he would just see we were alright. He said he might even stay overnight at the village pub. He stayed for supper and the girls had had a camp fire and in fact he told a rather good ghost story. I was seeing a side to his character I had not known.

Quest: Had he made any advances to you?

Teacher: Not physical, no. But he had inspected the camp and when he came to my tent he said 'By yourself, eh. That's rather a waste.' You see, Barbara the student teacher and the head girl were sharing a tent and I had this quite small bivouac thing. Anyway, after supper the girls had gone off to bed he said he had to go and by this time it was extremely dark. There was no moon and it was overcast. I had forgotten how dark it can be in the country. John said could we light him across the three fields he had to cross and I said I would go with him. We began walking and when we got to this copse that ran up one side of the field he just grabbed me and kissed me.

Quest: Grabbed you?

Teacher: Well, he didn't give me any chance to resist. He just kissed me. He said he had been wanting to do that all evening. Not very original, I suppose. Then he began to pet me.

Quest: Can you be more specific?

Teacher: He was stroking my breasts with his hands and squeezing my bottom. I was wearing these shorts which were practically indecent . . .

Quest: In what way?

Teacher: Not really. Except they were very skimpy and I don't think the headmistress would have approved. John tried to get his hand down the front of them and I found I was responding to him. I was leaning back against this tree. I suppose I was a bit flustered. I was saying something like 'I didn't know you cared' (neither of us were being very original that night) and he said he'd been fancying me for months. He was kissing me again but when he finally got his hand down the front of my shorts and into my pants I stopped him. It seemed all wrong and I didn't know what to think. Then John was very good. He said 'Let's go down to the pub for a drink. That's what we need.' I was grateful to him for that and we went down to this little pub. It turned out that John wasn't going to stay there but he said a night drive would do him good. He has this little old Morgan. It was nearly closing time when we got there but we had time for a couple of drinks. I had cider. Then when we came out John said that I had seen him home now he would have to see me home. It made sense really although we both thought it sounded mad. So back we walked towards the camp site. We were holding hands like young lovers and I remember feeling how happy I was. I wasn't giving a thought for anyone.

Quest: Surely you weren't feeling guilty at holding hands?

Teacher: It wasn't hands we were holding before long . . .

Quest: Tell me more.

Teacher: When we got back to the part where the copse was, I suppose I began thinking about what had happened before. John was thinking the same. And then we both kissed and suddenly we were at it again. Like a couple of school-kids finding sex for the first time.

Quest: Was it the first time?

Teacher: No, actually. I had a fiancé two years ago and we had sex together, at his insistence, actually.

Quest: But kissing John was not at his insistence?

Teacher: Very much not. I was just as much to blame, if blame is the right word. He was extremely passionate and he found it easy to arouse me. We were leaning against this tree and I had my back to it and his hands were up under my sweater. I felt them move round behind me and unclip my bra. I suddenly felt a great surge of freedom, but I wasn't prepared for what he did next.

Quest: What was that?

Teacher: He pulled my sweater right up over my head. I felt very exposed. But suddenly I felt quite proud. My bosom isn't bad. . . .

Quest: I would say that was an understatement. . . .

Teacher: Thank you. There I was in the wood naked to the waist. But suddenly I

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was enjoying it. I think that's what has been wrong with my sex life. Too much furtive fumbles in cinemas and student cars. I suddenly felt a bit like Glenda Jackson in 'Women in Love'. Then we were kissing and John was cupping my breasts and thing. He bent down and was kissing my breasts and I was holding his head and then I felt the zip on my shorts going. It was John. They fell about my feet and there I was in my bikini knicks only, the geography mistress. . . .

Quest: I don't see that a sexy geography mistress is a contradiction in terms.

Teacher: Maybe not. But I'm glad the class weren't around. John pulled me down to the ground. I suppose I knew he was going to take my panties down and I suppose I really wanted him to but I wasn't prepared for what he did do.

Quest: What was that?

Teacher: We were lying on the ground, he had put his jacket down for me and then he pushed my pants down to my ankles and moved his head down to me. He began kissing me there and using his tongue. I was out of this world. I had never had that before, no man had even tried and I never thought I would allow it but with John it just happened. Perhaps it was the cider. His tongue was like a flame. I could feel myself going over the brink and then I felt John on top of me. He hadn't got his trousers on, I've no recollection at all of him taking them off and I could feel him hot against me and then I didn't care any longer. Birth control, everything, I just wrapped my legs round him. I think I went off almost as soon as he was in me. It was all so primitive. And then all too quickly it was over and I felt this terrible, terrible depression and this deep guilt.

Quest: What about?

Teacher: My responsibilities. I had talked the headmistress into letting me take charge of the girls so they wouldn't be disappointed. There they all were, back in camp, and the one responsible for them was having sex in the nude in a nearby wood. Suppose there had been a fire, or something?

Quest: But there wasn't.

Teacher: No, but there might have been. Then there was the girls. They are perceptive you know. Now that I was thinking more clearly I realised that a gang of fifth form girls would think thoughts if they knew I was walking back through the wood with an attractive and unattached teacher.

Quest: But they were in bed.

Teacher: They were supposed to be. But they weren't asleep when I went off with John. They certainly gave me some funny looks the next day.

Quest: Did you see John again.

Teacher: Yes, but not during that holiday. We saw each other after hours at school but he got offered a good post elsewhere in charge of the whole art department and he would have been a fool to have passed it up. I still see him sometimes at weekends but I don't think it is going to be the unbridled passion of the woods.

Quest: Thank you.

Teacher: May I add one thing?

Quest: Of course.

Teacher: Just to say, really, that I think this experience has made me more tolerant. We had a girl at the school the previous term who had been caught in the playing fields with three boys. Let's just say she was no virgin. I was a bit censorious then and certainly so on the responsibility side, getting pregnant and all that. I don't think I would be like that again. I could hardly be could I?

Quest: I think you've been most honest. Thank you.

Three **Art student, 18 years old, blonde, town of origin Winchester.**

This interviewee, a pleasant and frank personality, was studying textile design. Until shortly before this interview she had lived at home with her parents, one brother and one sister. She now had a room in a private house, used by students at her college. Although not relevant to her story, she volunteered the information that she was a virgin, although she approved of quite advanced petting.

Quest: You went camping with your friends?

Student: Not friends. They were friends of my friend.

Quest: Had you met them before?

Student: Just in passing. At parties and some of them had been round for coffee.

Quest: Can I just get it clear about this set up during term time?

Student: We all live at Mrs .... She's a dear really with this big house. We all have rooms, or share rooms but she sort of mothers us. Most of the others are at ...... College but I'm doing the art course. My special friend is Jackie, she's doing teacher training.

Quest: And Jackie suggested you should all go camping?

Student: No. A girl called Mary organised it. There were eight of us. We were all meeting up at Weymouth. We had two tents. Some of us went by train and some hitch-hiked.

Quest: Were you staying in this one place?

Student: Yes. It was a field at the back of a big house where someone's aunt lived.

Quest: Did you enjoy the holiday?

Student: It was all right, I suppose. I'd love to go to the South of France in a villa or a gorgeous hotel. But beggars can't be choosers.

Quest: How did you spend your days?

Student: We went down to the beach mostly. We met these boys from a holiday camp. Sometimes we went back there for dances although they weren't supposed to take anybody in. I suppose that's where the trouble began.

Quest: What trouble was this?

Student: This thing that happened. I was surprised. I suppose we live and learn.

Quest: Will you tell me about it?

Student: It was this girl Mary [name changed]. She was the leader and she was a bit bossy. There was this girl Betty who was a bit shy, I think, but nobody seemed to talk to her. We'd gone to this dance with the boys but they had been more interested in drinking than anything and they left us to come home by ourselves. We'd got some cider earlier in the day and we sat round in Mary's tent drinking it. Mary said she thought the boys were rotten and they didn't know what they were missing. She said, if you must know, that she'd quite fancied a bit. I suppose you're surprised to know girls talk like that. At least some do.

Quest: Not at all.

Student: Anyway, Betty didn't say anything and sort of turned away and Mary said 'I suppose you don't, little virgin, you're above all that,' or something like that. Betty sort of blushed and said she'd had her moments. Then Mary grabbed hold of her and said 'Come on tell us, we'd all like to know.' Betty was trying to twist away and Mary was being horrid and suddenly Betty bit her. Mary let out this yell and she sort of pinned Betty down to the floor. 'What's the punishment for biting?' said Mary and none of us liked to say anything. 'I'll tell you what,' said Mary 'She needs a good spanking.' None of us said anything.

Quest: Why was that?

Student: Well, Betty had been very uppity most of the time. She hadn't done any of the washing up and she never got up in the morning. She was always preening herself, if you know what I mean. I suppose we didn't mind if she was taken down a peg or two. So we didn't say anything.

Quest: So what happened.

Student: Mary got hold of Betty and tried to get Betty out over her knee. Betty was a bit frightened, I think, but she was struggling and they sort of went rolling around. Betty was face down, she was wearing these hot pants, and Mary tried to pull them down. I don't think we thought she would do that.

Quest: How do you mean?

Student: I think we just thought she would spank her on her pants, you know, not pull them down, or anything.

Quest: But she did?

Student: Not just then. Betty struggled away and got up and she saw this other girl Anita grinning. She suddenly leapt at her and scratched her down her face. It made the blood come. We were all a bit shocked and so Anita helped to grab Betty. She was still struggling but Mary managed to get the zip undone and they got them down over her bottom. She had these little bikini pants on and they pulled them down too. Then they spanked her.

Quest: How?

Student: Mary did. With the palm of her hand. Betty's bottom was getting red and she was squirming but she couldn't do anything. It made me feel a bit funny but I could see Anita was getting quite excited. We had all been drinking a bit and we just had these candle lanterns and there was Betty with her little bottom in the air and her pants and things round her knees. We were all crowded so close together too, because although it was a large tent there wasn't much room when we were all in it. I would have liked to have gone outside but I think we were all too amazed to move. Then Betty who was still twisting managed to turn herself over to avoid the slaps and we could all see her pubic hair and things. Someone pushed another girl called Belinda and she fell on top of Betty. Angela, who was getting very excited, called out something about 'better than with boys' and she sort of fell down on top of them too. It was all very muddly but from where I was I saw that Angela's hand went straight to Betty's pubic hair. I was horrified. I didn't know any Lesbians and I supposed that was what Angela was. She was stroking her hand up and down and she was doing things with her finger. Betty clenched her thighs but Angela kept her hand there and then I saw that Betty had relaxed her legs and they were lying loosely, you know. I think she was enjoying what Angela was doing. Then suddenly she jerked a bit and quickly rolled over. Everything went a bit quiet then, though not through what I saw. I don't think anyone else saw. Then my friend Jackie said 'Come on, girls, pillow fight over.' and Angela said 'Sorry, Betty, we all were a bit horrid to you,' and she pulled up Betty's pants. She was very gentle, I remember. Betty was very white but she wasn't angry or anything. She just went out of the tent by herself and then Angela said 'I'd better see she is all right,' and she followed her out. We all broke up then so Angela wasn't able to do any more if she had intended it. We all went to bed without much more being said.

Quest: Did it make things awkward the next day?

Student: It might have done. But about nine there was this honking noise and there was Jackie's brother in this old car. He had four friends with him and they were going to a hill climb somewhere. They asked us if we wanted to go and we all did and it was good fun. We didn't get back until late and so the incident was rather forgotten. But the funny thing was that I had a bit of a thing going with Jackie's brother and his great friend used to take Angela out. I asked him, after the holiday, whether his friend thought Angela was sexy and gradually led him on to find out if his friend had had sex with Angela. 'Oh yes,' he said 'we call her damp pants, that's one step better than hot pants. But don't tell her I told you.' I don't think I understand about Angela. She just makes me feel naive. I suppose I just want love and children and not just sex. We're all different, aren't we?

Quest: You can say that again.

SURVEY SUMMARY

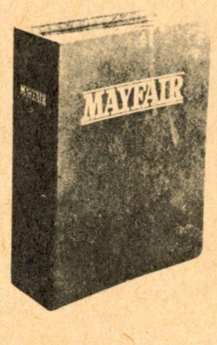
The over-riding impression we gained from these interviews was that the camping environment had provided a degree of sexual opportunity and sexual freedom. Perhaps there was even a minor element of 'back to nature.'

In the first interview we found a classic instance of the way in which sexual opportunity was taken full advantage of. The interviewee had had sex experience but was not at all promiscuous. She had certainly never before allowed sexual intercourse at the first meeting. Yet here, in this French camping site, she finds herself, perhaps to her own surprise, enjoying sex with a boy she has met only hours earlier. Perhaps a lot depended on the charisma of this Belgian romeo, we have only her rather idealised picture of him. He certainly acted with both decision and discretion. Perhaps too, the influence of the girls' parents was significant. They came across as sensual people and sensuality is undoubtedly infectious. Other readers may come to an entirely different conclusion and prefer to believe that the Belgian boy was ever on the watch for that rarity, a pretty girl in a tent by herself, and that having located her he found himself aided by the fact that she was on the rebound from a broken engagement.

In the second case we feel we had one of our rare breakthrough interviews. This sort of girl – intelligent, a little introvert, and self sufficient – can rarely be brought into our interviewing net. The interviewer knew her personally, which helped considerably. A rather strange thing happened during this interview. One might have considered the interviewee inhibited had one met her in normal circumstances. Once she really began to tell her story it was so vivid and re-lived that the interviewer said afterwards 'no interviewee has turned me on like she turned me on. I would really have liked to have been that art master.' Yet this was a girl whose sex appeal rating was fairly low at the start of interview. She spoke because she said she wanted to destroy the myth of the spinster teacher. We think she did that extremely effectively, even if she was unable to rid herself of guilt feelings about her responsibilities. We personally feel she need have no such feelings. If sex is normal then if you can't spare time for it when your charges are safely in bed then when can you spare the time?

It may possibly be that the art master set out to make some advances to this girl in the belief that she would be more amenable and relaxed away from the strait-lacing of term-time responsibilities. In this case he would have been right although it is obvious he could have made some progress during term time since she was certainly aware of him.

The third interview is again unique in Quest terms. The interviewee here was purely a witness of a sexual scene and not a participant. It seems to us it was a sexual romp resulting from a degree of sexual frustration. The excuse given was poor and embarrassing, a common factor we find with spanking which is certainly one of the strongest of sexual fantasies. But it was positive sexual action – perhaps as a subconscious reaction to the boys very obvious sexual non-action. Were the girls directly involved in this scene lesbian or potential lesbians? Probably not. Surveys on female masturbation have never been carried out to any extent and Quest has never claimed to be statistically significant in its findings, but it is possible that in girls' schools mutual masturbation is as common as in most boys schools. Perhaps there was something in these eight girls camping together that was akin to the school dormitory atmosphere. Perhaps a practice that had previously brought pleasure, was for this occasion resuscitated even although the girl had, apparently, by this time progressed to more orthodox sex with boys. This is speculation only, of course, and a reader is free to interpret the incident in a totally different way. One thing is certain: our greatly widened experience, through our Quest knowledge, teaches us that sex is very much less significant than one episode may indicate. One caress does not make a girl a lesbian, any more than an erection in a rugby club changing room makes a man a homosexual.



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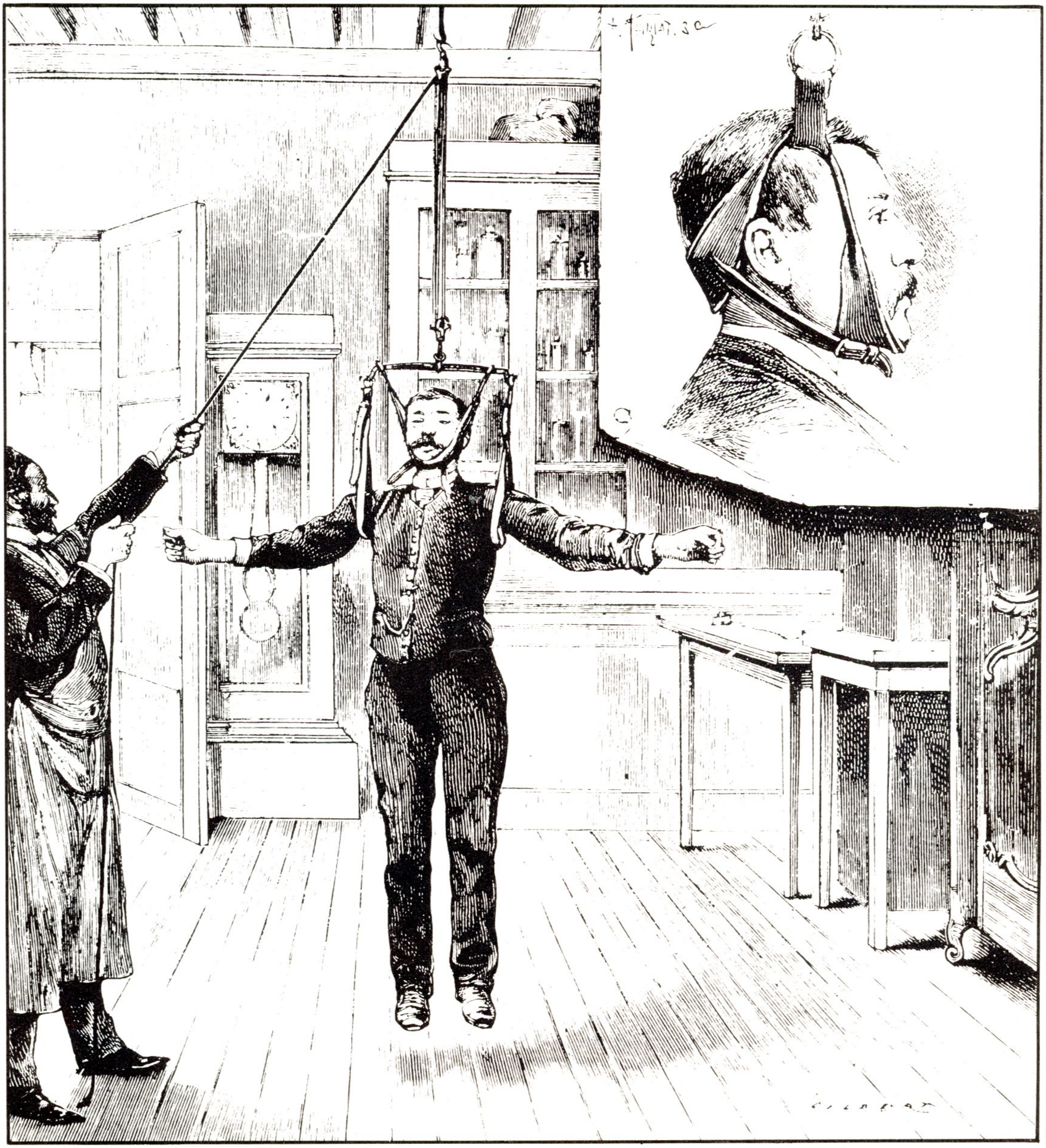
Thanks, Doctor, but I'd rather stay sick...

Maybe you reckon National Health doctors give you too little time and attention? Count your blessings. When some medics have time on their hands, the fruits of their musings can be positively spine-chilling / Medicinal mechanics by Hilary Evans



Russian Dr Motschutowsky devised this weird apparatus in 1889 for alleviating ataxy, the inability to control bodily movements

Medical fervour in combination with mechanical zeal reached a high point in the Europe of the 1880s. Doctors got together with engineers and invented the most bizarre devices which, they believed, would soothe pain and ease away ailments.

Take, for example, the invention of the Russian Dr Motschutkowsky. His little remedy for ataxy – an inability to control involuntary bodily functions, as the medical dictionaries put it – was available at no chemist. Were you to complain to your GP in Odessa of the ailment, the chances were that he might whisk you off to the formidable Dr M's little establishment.

His contraption consisted of a pulley and harness, by means of which the unfortunate sufferer would be gently raised and suspended from the ceiling. Note the superior look on the ingenious doctor's face. How many patients benefit from the treatment, you might ask? He claims a success rate of one in three – he doesn't say what happens to the others.

Or perhaps, dear patient, you suffer from severe fits of getting hot under the collar, or some malady yet more serious? Dr Dumontpallier of Paris has just the thing to cool you off.

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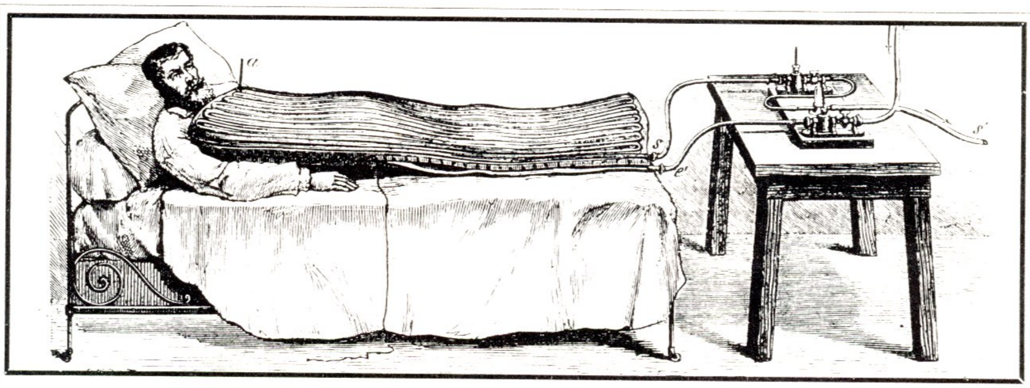
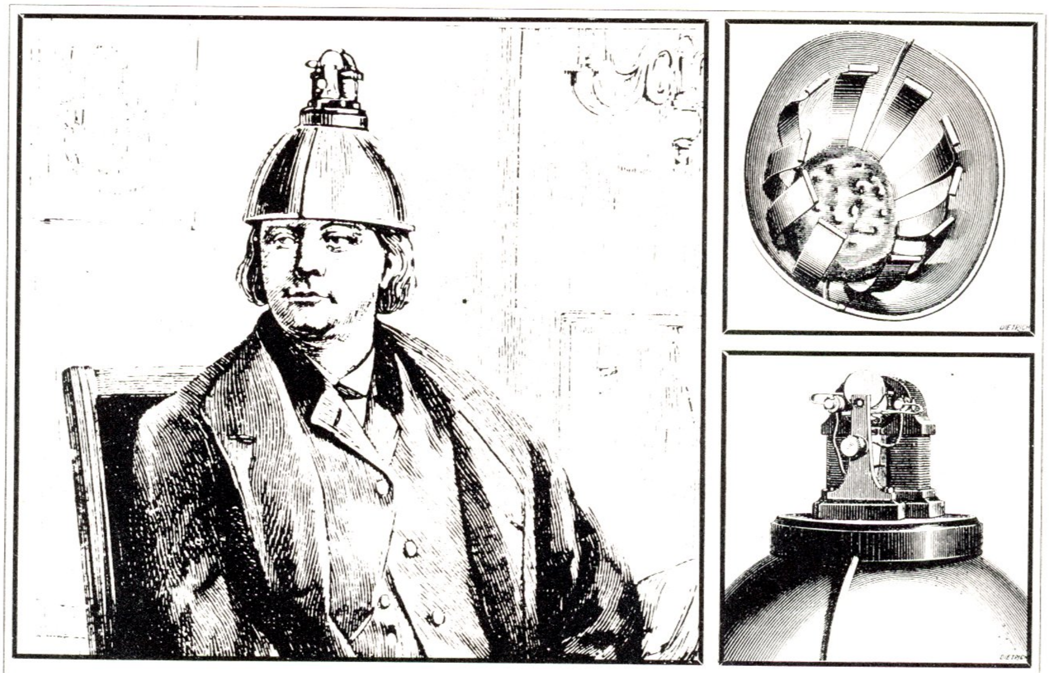
The professor has noticed, observant man, that many of his nervous patients are soothed by road or rail journeys – the faster the train, the rougher the road, the happier they appear to become.

Since few of them can afford to rush around all day on one omnibus after another, he has devised a number of machines to simulate 'a rough ride.'

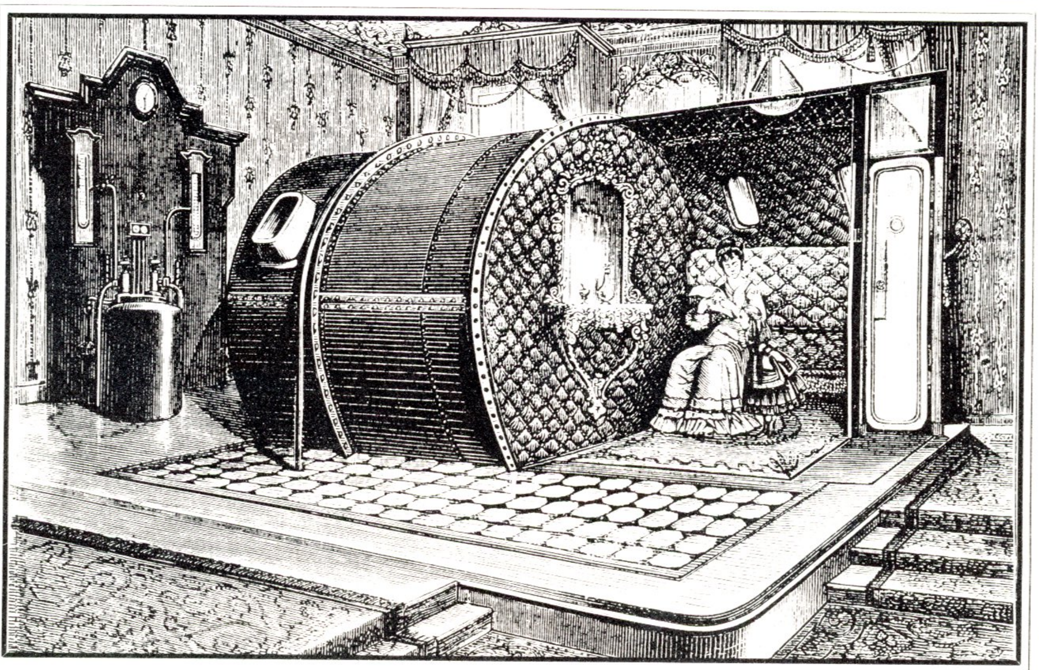
You may well consider the helmet, illustrated on the right, the most attractive of these. As you can see, the electric motor, once you put it on, most



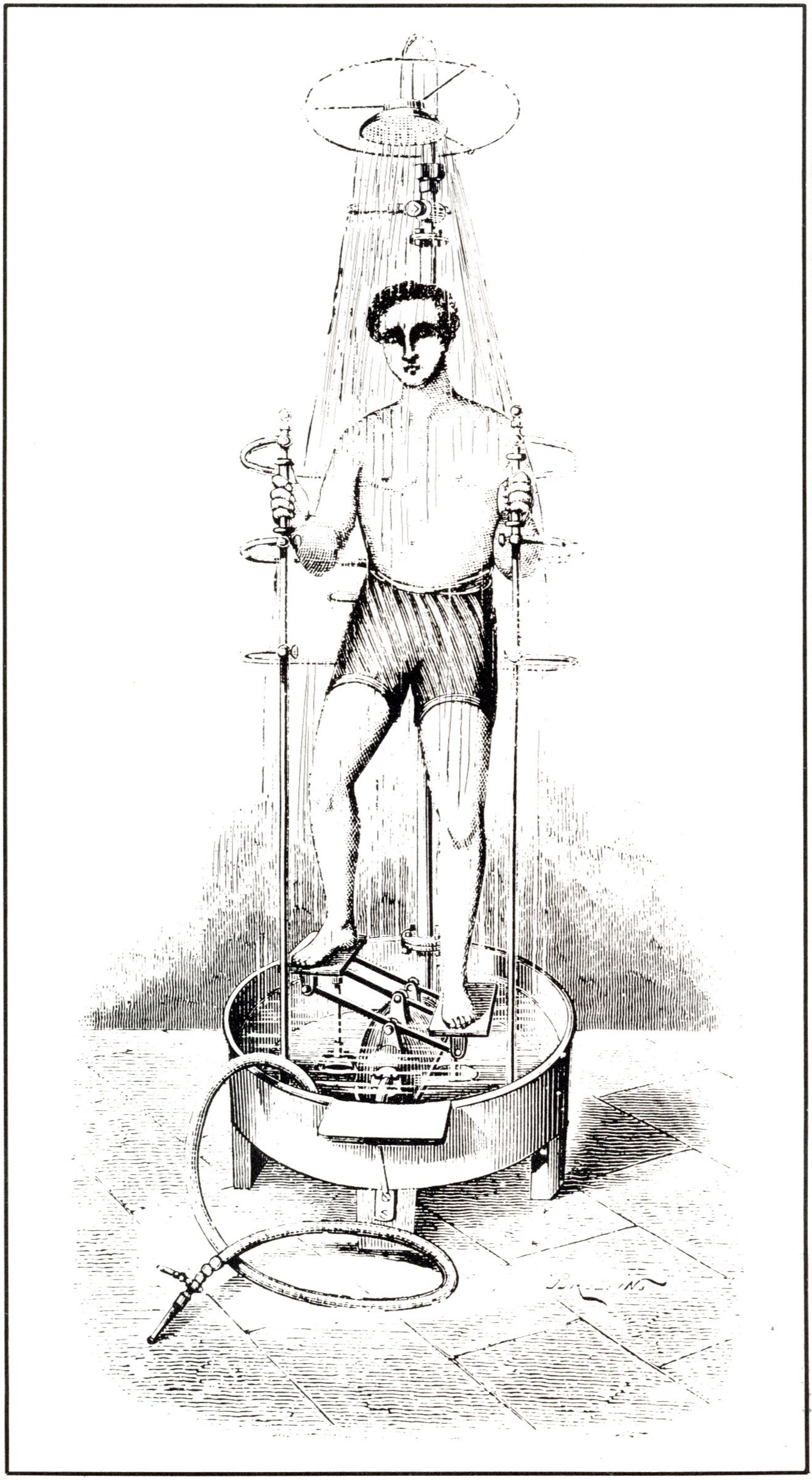
Dr Dumontpallier's 1880-vintage refrigerated sleeping bag kept the patient in a perpetual chill



Surprisingly, Professor Charcot's 'electric helmet' was actually meant to calm *nervous patients*



Dr Fornanini's 'pneumo-therapeutic' pressure chamber in Milan was the tops in Victorian elegance



Dr Gaston Bozerian's douche cum treadmill. In 1887 it was quite the latest thing in hydrotherapy

ingeniously activates a circle of blades to keep your head in a state of perpetual motion.

No? Well, maybe you fancy something a little more comfortable. Dr Fornanini of Milan is somebody who spares no expense when it comes to creature comforts. Of course, it is true there are other 'pneumotherapeutic' establishments in every up-to-date European city these days, but none to match the elegance of Dr Fornanini's.

If, however, you lean towards hydrotherapy, Dr Gaston Bozerian's 'do-it-yourself' douche has a number of attractive features.

As you can see, it is really quite portable and enables the user to derive exercise for his leg muscles at the same time as activating the shower.

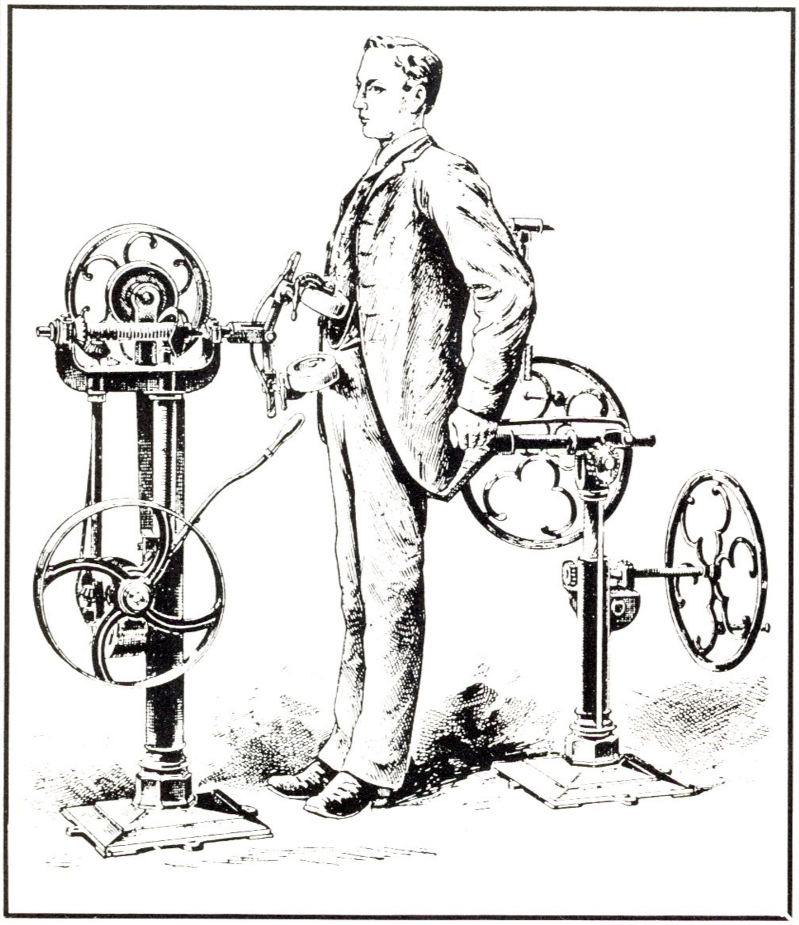
All of us suffer from time to time from a little indigestion; some more than others. Well, why not try the invention of Dr Zander of Paris? It was, of course, a French doctor who invented the guillotine; and this admirable mechanical ingenuity is fully shared by his confrere, Dr Z. He has perfected a contrivance of cast iron guaranteed – and I quote from his catalogue – 'to soothe the horrors of indigestion.'

In keeping with that quality for which the French race is so rightly noted, Dr Zander has not omitted to keep equally in mind the needs of the fairer sex. For those whose medical needs may be said to be more cosmetic rather than therapeutic, his Paris institute has developed a number of appliances, typical of which is a machine for – 'making an ill-developed girl as straight as a life-guardsman.'

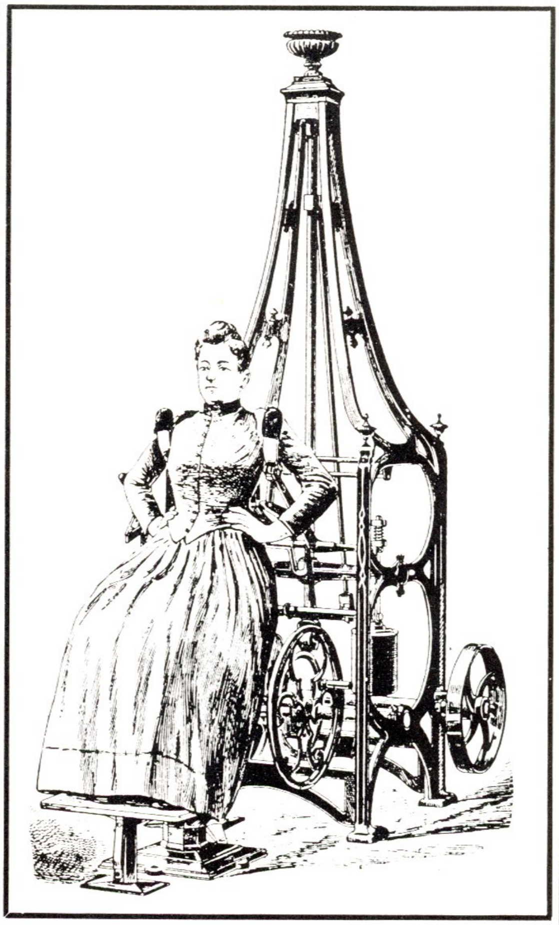
Finally, there are two schools of electro-therapy, whose methods you may care to try. Should you prefer 'Faradisation', the benefits available from stepping inside the large solenoid you see on your right are said to be inestimable.

You should take great care not to touch the wires, though it is reliably said that the dangers of frying are slight.

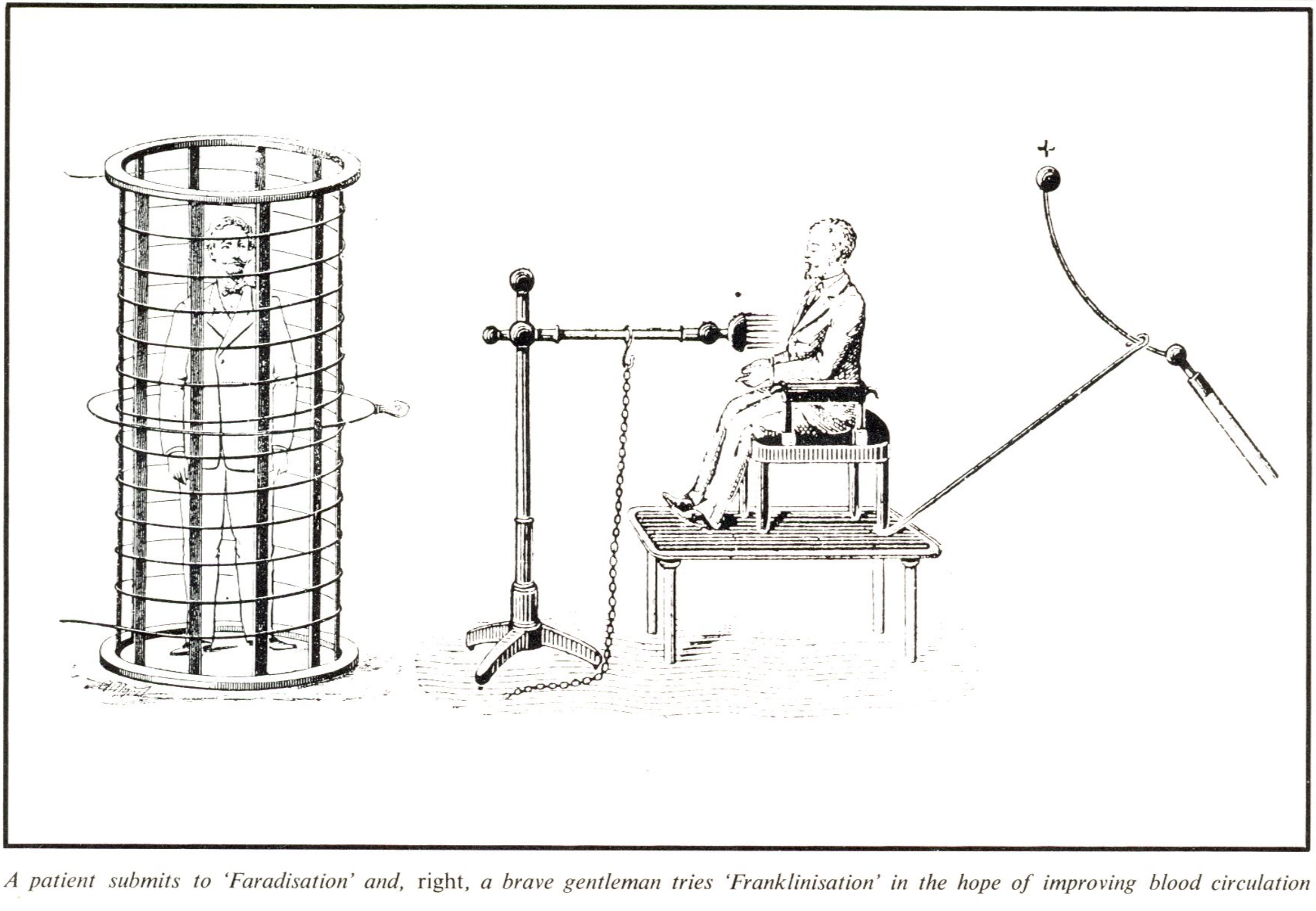
Perhaps, however, you favour the methods of the *Franklinateurs*. Their device with the fork-like attachment will 'impregnate' you with electrical current and should improve blood circulation and body heat, and disperse any torpor. It could be, if you will pardon the expression, just what the doctor ordered.



Dr Zander's menacing machine for 'soothing away the horrors of indigestion'



Zander's device for making young ladies shapely in 1893



A patient submits to 'Faradisation' and, right, *a brave gentleman tries 'Franklinisation' in the hope of improving blood circulation*